

BACHELOR^{BK}

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART

JUNE/FIFTY CENTS



DREAM GIRLS CAN BE NIGHTMARES • PUTTING THE CULT INTO CULTURE
BRANDO AND MUTINY ON THE BEAUTIES • • VENUS IN FURS—EVEN FREUD BLUSHED
ARE WOMEN RUINING DRINKING—OR VICE VERSA?



POOL SIGHS

Sitting by the side of her swimming pool is curvaceous Carol Brent. But this isn't an instance of idle brinkmanship — it's a pause to refresh. For more on Carol, taking the big plunge, turn to page 22.

JUNE, 1963

VOL. 4, NO. 4

BACHELOR

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Cover Photo by GLOBE

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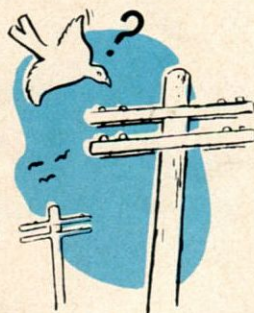
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WILD, WILD WORLD



MACHINE-MAID FOR BACHELORS

THE OLD SAW about men having to get married because wives are less expensive than housekeepers won't be true in 1970, according to Prof. M. W. Thring of Sheffield University, England. By then a three-legged machine, costing \$2000, will be made available for such chores as cooking, housekeeping and bed-making. Prof. Thring's thing is already in the drawing board stage and will run electronically. Happily it will not be able to talk.

★ ★

WHAT ENGLISH DO YOU SPEAK?

AFTER AN 11-YEAR STUDY of English dialects by experts at Leeds University, it was discovered that George Bernard Shaw was right when he said Britishers can't understand one another. For example, in Kent weakling pig is called Anthony; in Cumberland it's called winking; in 78 other areas it has 78 other names. A snack is called elevenses, bait, bite, drinking and snap, among others. Shall we have elevenses at ten?

★ ★

TALES OF ARABIAN SLIGHTS

THE FIRST ONE comes straight from the pages of Pravda, and it woefully relates the downfall of a blonde, blue-eyed and bosomy law student, named Larisa P. It seems that this eye-filling beauty was also a good ear-filling Marxist until she ran into an Islamic exchange student who was studying Russky law. Afterwards, she fell in love with the young man and decided to do some exchanging herself — her citizenship for that of his country. She married him, went to his native land and, to her dismay, discovered she was but one of six in his harem. Later she was sold by hubby into another harem. An attempt to escape was foiled, and — according to reports — she went mad. Sniffed the Russky rag: "And she could have had such a better life."

The second tale revolves around an Egyptian housewife who was made Minister of Social Affairs, the first woman to be appointed to her government. Everybody's happy but her husband. Before the appointment, the couple's life was free of TV, car and servants. Now they have television, a chauffeured limousine — and bodyguards. Hubby still wants a better wife — not a better life.

TIME FOR CRIME

IN BRIDGEPORT, when the police were investigating a burglary at Willie's Variety Store, they found a 32-year-old man in the rafters. In answer to what he was doing, the suspect replied, "Me? Nothing. I'm just waiting for a friend."

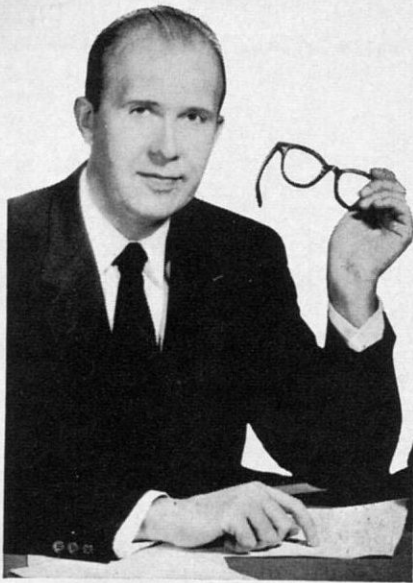
When Barry Roebuck went to report his bike stolen to the Northwich, England police, he got the surprise of his life. There in the station house was another man reporting a theft — the original owner from whom Roebuck had pilfered the bike just a week before.

In Hook Norton, England, police still haven't caught the thieves who took two miles of wire off of 175 telephone poles.

★ ★

SANTA FOR ROYALTY

The following is from Neiman Marcus store in Dallas to customers who buy for royalty: "A confidential shopping service for customers ... sending gifts to ... Kings, Shahs, Maharajahs, Prime Ministers and other dignitaries ... No written billing will be sent. Instead billing will be by telephone. The nature of such gifts will be divulged only on ... a court subpoena."



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 34702B, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Without peeking at the answer
below, see if you can identify this
man, one of history's greatest...

BY RAOUL HENRY

Kings of Bachelorhood

PROBABLY NO MAN in history prized his bachelorhood as much as this one did. He was a roué from the word "go." He loved women—although none well enough to marry.

He started chasing beautiful lasses early in life. Even before he achieved a full growth of beard, the opposite sex found it hard to resist his advances. In school, there was no stopping him. He was on the make for every coed. His "batting average" was high.

Yet, while still in school, his amorous career received a severe setback. One of his teachers caught him in bed with a curvaceous girl from the town. There were political complications, and the young man was expelled from school.

This was a tough blow. The youthful rake came from a good family, and it was expected that all males of his class receive a thorough education. However, as the saying goes, "There's more than one way to skin a cat," and the young man decided to take off on a "grand tour" of Europe.

His traveling was to last for many years, and it extended from the exotic cities of Turkey to the salons of Paris and London, where no-holds-barred love-making had become an art, to be practiced unceasingly and forever cherished. It was in this manner that the boy became a man.

Despite his lust for women, this roving Romeo found time to educate himself—in literature, politics and the arts. He was remarkable. He also found time to make money as a gambler, and he earned added income as a spy for various governments.

It was his espionage activity that got him thrown into jail in Venice. Facing death, this adventurer proceeded to escape in a fashion that still brings gasps from movie audiences. He cut in the roof a hole barely large enough to squeeze himself through. As he managed to pull his legs onto the roof, a guard saw him and sounded the alarm.

A lesser man would have been recaptured easily. Not this one, though. With legs like an antelope he leaped from rooftop to rooftop, leaving far behind his shouting, murderous pursuers. After the sun fell, he disappeared into the night—a free man, once again.

Perhaps the worst aspect of his incarceration were the days he had to spend away from the women he adored. He quickly began making up for lost time. Any female who struck his fancy he

would pursue — school teachers, working girls, women of the world, prostitutes, housewives and countesses. He scored with all of these lasses, and he left them loving him, even though they knew he'd never marry them. "I have loved women madly," he once said, "but my freedom is always the most important part of my life."

As he grew older, he didn't flag in his amorous activities. He still gambled, winning most of the times, and he still did undercover work for different governments. Intrigue was his style, his way of life — and it even extended to the seamy, smoke-filled cabarets he frequented, as well as the sites he chose for his affairs. He was a great one for setting the scene. Nothing went overlooked in preparation for a seduction.

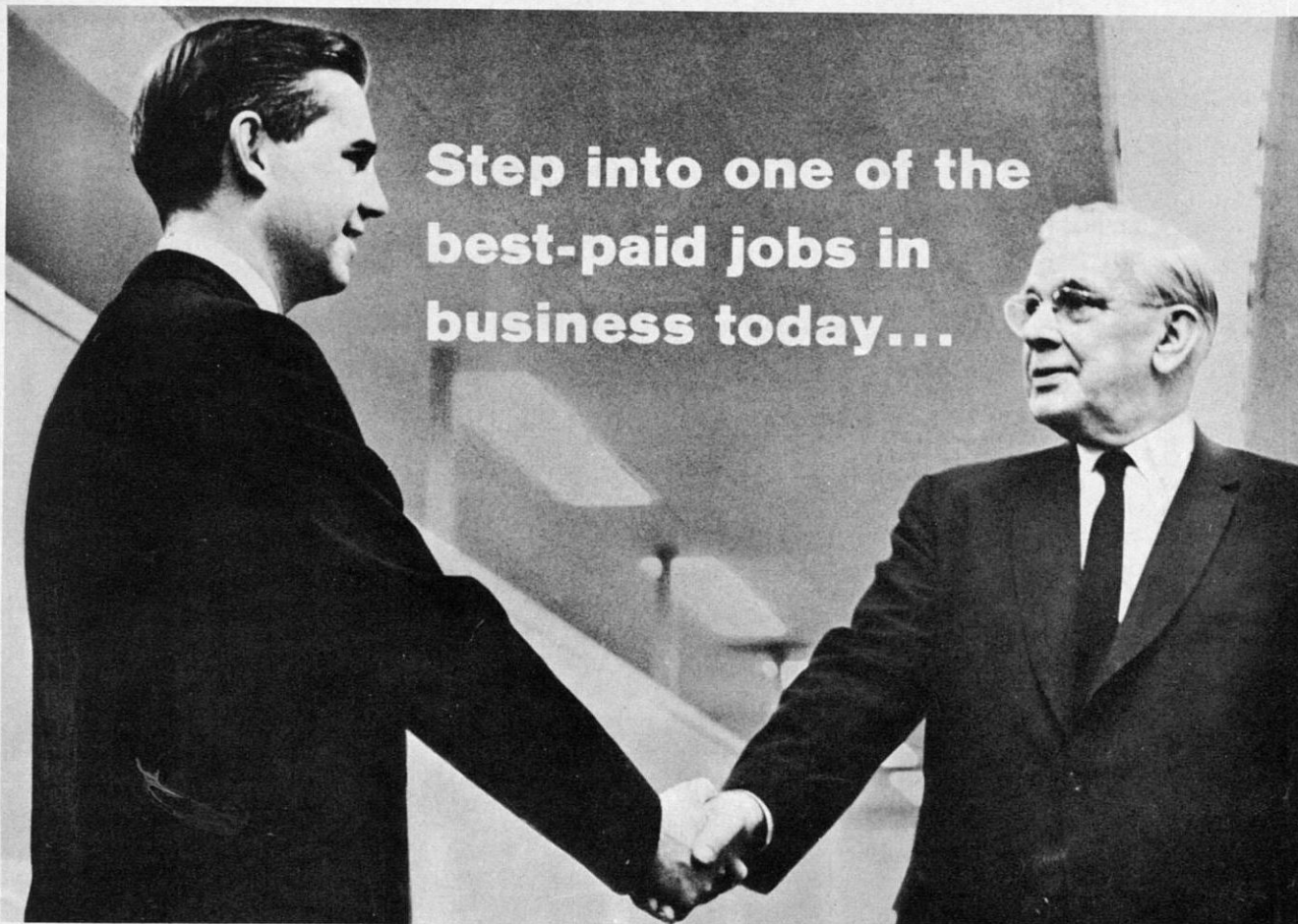
By the same token his style of dress was impeccable. Unlike other men who looked like dandies, he was able to project great masculinity, despite the elegance of his clothes. Why shouldn't he? He was a man, through and through—brave, forthright, physically active, as well as amorously so. He was a man's man as well as a suitor of women.

Sometimes he got his come-uppance, but he never whined about it. In England, he seduced a full-bosomed lady while they were out for a drive in the country. Then a few weeks later, he put in his pitch for a second-time around, but the lady haughtily turned him down. A sharp wit, the high-born lass cut our hero with: "A frolic doesn't constitute an introduction." A lesser man might have retired forever from woman-chasing, after such a putdown — but here was no lesser man.

When he got very old, his sexual prowess naturally waned (though it did not disappear). No longer having the stomach for the adventurer's existence, our hero got himself a job as a librarian. For the last seven years of his life, he served in this capacity. He also wrote copiously.

This is the king of bachelorhood who once said, "In spite of my infidelities, I am really a faithful lover. I'm just as anxious to hang on to my present mistress, as to run after a new one." His words are honored for their honesty and simplicity. Who is he?

(Giovanni Giacomo Casanova — who probably ranks as the Babe Ruth of history's bachelor lover boys.)



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On The Miltown

BY LAWRENCE YATES

This delicious-looking blonde bundle of femininity had more than meets the eye. She was able to cure a man—on verge of becoming a junkie—simply by getting him hooked on her.

GREENWICH VILLAGE in the Spring! What a symphony of riotous sound and color; an artist's palette scaled across Manhattan Island, its pigments dripping the only bright spots on an otherwise desolate sandbar! What a gladsome world of gay and giddy neurotics glorying in their freedom from the fetters of convention! What a—

"What a crock!"

I said it out loud in mushy syllables that, strained through a migraine, came out like dollops in the wake of a horse. They expressed my feelings of the moment as, heaving mightily, I endeavored to chin myself on the curb beside which I lay. I wanted to peer up over the curb at the swirling kaleidoscope that is MacDougall Street. It's tough to see through a migraine; even though you may be lying in the gutter, it seems one minute like you're away up among the television aerials and pigeon lofts—and the next minute you appear to fall back into and beneath the gutter to the nethermost reaches of hell.

Still, it gives you a new perspective. Maybe not as sound as the old one, but more sophisticated. For example, I reached back gingerly and felt the void where my billfold should have been. Normal people (Cont. on p. 55)





MUTINY ON THE BEAUTIES

With girls, Brando is as hard to keep in tow as Capt. Bligh found Fletcher Christian to be. Yet they all want to be "Marlon-lubbers."

BY KEVIN CRAWFORD

IN THE ACTRESS DEPARTMENT, you can take your pick among Liz Taylor, Brigitte Bardot and Sophia Loren for Top Queen of the flicks. Among the males, however, there's nobody who comes close to Marlon Brando—unless, of course, you include Cary Grant and William Holden, the two museum pieces that Hollywood still takes out and dusts off for the benefit of its growing geriatric following.

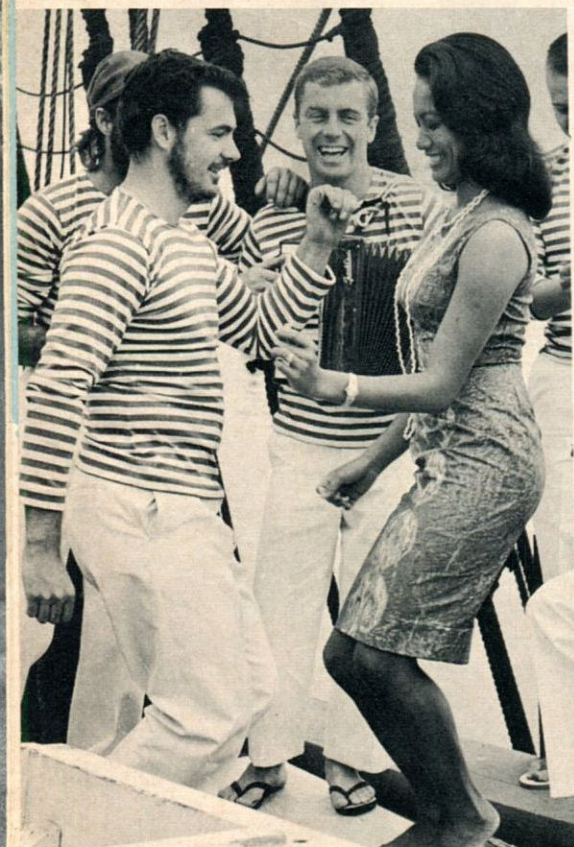
Commanding \$1,000,000 per picture (more if his customary haggling with directors, producers and writers causes the shooting time to run beyond the stipulated period), Brando still enjoys the enviable position of receiving a greater number of film offers than he could ever accept. "Who, under the age of 55, can even be put in his class as an actor?" asked one Hollywood executive. Furthermore, the banks who put up the cash for the movies regard the balding star with the Napoleonic visage as a "sure thing." Said a Wall Street investor: "No matter how bad a script may be, our money's insured with Brando as the star."

Thus no one can deny that the still-under-forty-year-old lad from Libertyville, Illinois has it made, and this includes, of course, the realm of available beautiful females. Though twice

married (to the self-styled compatriot of Jawaharlal Nehru, Anna Kashfi, and to the now-motherly, former screen siren of Mexico, Movita), Brando, in the words of a loyal friend, "has more women after him than he can chase off with a broom."

Although, as one wag put it, "a well-nourished sex life is the natural concomitant of an established success life," Brando's attraction for women, irrespective of his stage and film achievements, has been extraordinary. Early in his career he had going for him the classic facial features of a matinee idol, plus the physical development of a weight-lifter. During the Broadway run of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, however, he broke his nose while sparring playfully with a stagehand. The show's producer, Irene Selznick, breathed a sigh of relief and said, "He'll look better, now. His face was almost too beautiful."

Today, though tending toward puffiness and paunchiness, Brando still retains much of his magnetic image for women. According to his detractors—and he has many—America's No. 1 male star gets as many kicks from leaving girlfriends as he does out of loving them. Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that the twice-married Brando is probably



Current flame, Tarita, performs a Tahitian-style twist on the "Mutiny" set.

one of the world's most enthusiastic bachelors.

For quite a few years now, his taste in women has run along the lines of slant eyes, dark faces and small frames. In 1954, his friend, Edward Dmytryk, described it as "a phase he's going through. He's attracted to everything Eastern right now. He's also studying Oriental philosophy and Zen Buddhism."

Now, nine years later, Brando is still hooked on Asian types, his current favorite being Tarita, the former waitress and dish washer from Tahiti who was recruited to co-star with him in *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

In the course of these nine seasons, Brando has attempted to orient himself to: Josanne Mariani-Berenger, the fisherman's daughter to whom he became engaged in 1954; Rita Moreno; Barbara Luna; Roberta Haynes; France Nuyen, who starred on Broadway in *The World of Suzie Wong*; Movita; and Anna Kashfi, who was born Joan O'Callaghan. Each of these eye-ful feminine specimens either is Eastern or resembles such an exotic type.

"Beautiful as these women are, they most likely help Brando fulfill an inner need to rebel against society," said a Hollywood psychiatrist. "I suspect that despite all his talk about racial equality, he really enjoys a feeling of being superior to these women. Otherwise he'd be able to establish a solid relationship with at least some of them."

Anna Kashfi, his first wife, certainly made no bones about having been made to feel downgraded by the Great Star. Following their bustup she announced, "I can no longer take his indifference and his strange way of living." A friend of theirs amplified this by pointing out that Anna could not stand her husband's preoccupation with Beatnik living.

Cackled gossip columnist Hedda Hopper: "Brando has a terrific following among the members of the Beat Generation. He loves the adulation of the mob.

After that, going home must seem humdrum."

Another Hollywood newspaper woman, Lee Belser, added: "To Brando, home is not his castle, but a place where he hangs his T-shirt."

Yet, according to the unhappy Anna, her husband didn't return home very often, even if it was only to hang his T-shirt. He preferred making the scene at the coffee shops, some in far-away San Francisco, where a regular habitue of the Co-Existence Bagel Shop told a reporter: "He comes up here and pals on weekends. Makes the parties. He represents us in regions where we can't go. We're in revolt against modern society, and Brando fights our fight for us in the middle of all that Hollywood junk."

Fighting the Beatniks' fight is something Brando has been doing long before Jack Kerouac defined his hallowed generation as, "The ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time . . ."

From his earliest school days, Brando has displayed the fact that he possesses an axe to grind. In Libertyville Township High School he was so singularly inept in his studies that H. E. Underbrink, who was then principal, was able to recall many years later to writer Bill Davidson: "Brando was rather irresponsible. He wasn't interested in anything in particular. His record was poor. He rarely took part in any extracurricular activities because practically every afternoon he was in our 3:15 p.m. disciplinary period."

Following a whirl with a psychoanalyst in New York City, the axe was taken to the grinding wheel less frequently. Yet, in the words of an associate, "Marlon has been helped to mobilize many of his energies toward success, but he's still pretty goddam immature, no matter which way you slice him."

When he finally did make a statement to the press on why he and Anna Kashfi were splitting up, (Cont. on next page)



With Eurasian actress France Nuyen Brando had on-again, off-again fling.

MUTINY ON THE BEAUTIES

Brando said simply, "I cannot really talk to Anna. She's so emotional, so immature."

However, there are other people in Hollywood who will tell you that they can't talk with Brando, either. They will point out that despite his intellectual pretensions (which some people believe border on the grandiose), his favorite conversational gambit is to indulge himself at long hours, expatiating on subjects he knows little about, and without bothering to listen to the ideas of others.

In the *New Yorker* magazine, Truman Capote proceeded to dissect the star with such relentless attention to detail that Brando appeared to be an overgrown adolescent, trying to act grownup.

After the article was published, Brando, who hitherto had regarded Capote as his intellectual equal, was now inclined to relegate the writer to the inferior mental stratification of the newspaperman. The star makes no secret that he despises the press. Despite the fact that he has been accorded the highest praise for his acting, he feels keenly that his personal life has been distorted.

In fairness to Brando, whatever his subconscious motivations may be with regard to his preference for Eastern beauties, the truth is that the newspapers have written up this aspect of his love life in scandalous tones.

"You can't blame Marlon," said one observer. "Some of the things he does may seem ridiculous, and he'll go along with a reporter's not being hip. Yet, he doesn't see anything ridiculous about the women he loves. Besides, that's his own business. What's more, he doesn't see where these uneducated, middle-class hacks get off trying to psychoanalyze him in their columns when in reality all they're spouting is latrine gossip."

As a result, Brando has taken to adopting a "mum's-the-word" attitude toward hopeful interviewers. He goes even further by making frequent changes of his phone numbers and by exacting from his friends assurances that they will not betray details of his private life. While he was still married to Anna Kashfi, Brando leased a secluded house in the Hollywood Hills, then tacked up a sign with the following message: "Unless you are here by appointment, under no circumstances

disturb the occupant — Tenant."

Yet, there are some members of the press whom Brando will consent to see, like Earl Wilson, who wrote about how the star really feels warmly and kindly toward all his former girlfriends (and wives). Wilson, a good-natured man, even went so far as to poll the women attending the premier of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and found that most did not regard Marlon as their favorite, but those who did went "Wow!" Such reportage is hardly the sort to raise the actor's dander.

Despite his confessed animosity toward newspaper people, however, Brando has also revealed a love for

PICKING A CO-STAR

During the filming of "Mutiny on the Bounty," Brando obtained the right to pick the young ladies who would play opposite him, and in making his choice he used a unique procedure.

Assembling 16 eye-filling Tahitian candidates, Brando had each one come to his thatched-roof quarters for private interviews. It turned out that the actor was mainly interested in how well the girls could project emotion on the screen. To test this he would confide to each beauty that he planned to kill himself. Later the producer asked Brando how the girls had reacted.

"All they did was giggle," was the star's reply.

publicity, as well as a tendency to titillate reporters into acting the very way he detests. For example, the day before he married Anna Kashfi, he went to Pasadena to buy the wedding ring and showed up, completely arrayed in a Hindu costume. On other occasions, he has driven down Sunset Boulevard in a convertible with a novelty-store arrow around his head, looking as though the weapon had pierced his skull.

"Of course Marlon wants recognition," said a fellow actor. "Why else would he be in the business he's in? I suppose he does act a lot like a juvenile, but then how many acting people don't?"

Quite understandably, it has been the muse of acting, who has benefited most from the personality of Marlon Brando—undoubtedly more than any of the beauties he has loved and left. His rebelliousness has led him into the method school, still regarded as a revolutionary force among thespians. Yet, in the words of one critic, "Brando has taken the method, invested his whole self into it and as a result has emerged with something of his own, something great, something that defies imitation."

During the filming of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which producer Aaron Rosenberg described as sometimes having resembled a debating society, Brando showed himself to be a rebel against authority. One stage of the shooting was described by Rosenberg as "six weeks of hell." When *The Mutiny* was finished, production costs soared over \$27,000,000.

Yet, as eccentric and intolerable as the star may have seemed to his associates, he managed to make a number of substantial contributions to the movie, especially with regard to the ending which he disliked at first. "This isn't what I asked for," Brando complained. "It doesn't show man's inhumanity to man. I wanted to draw a parallel with what is going on in Africa today. I want to show that people can't live without hate, even in a paradise."

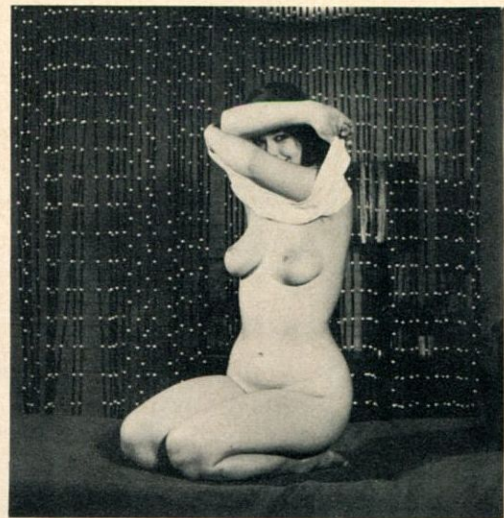
After much fuss and bother and work, Brando finally got his way, and the film, according to critics, has been much the better for it.

In speaking about *The Mutiny's* astronomical costs, Hollywood executive Robert Wise commented, "I think the problems with Brando, plus the problems with Elizabeth Taylor in *Cleopatra*, might well mark the end of the star system as it exists today."

The star system may go. Synthetic glamor figures like Liz Taylor may go. But not Brando. Probably nobody would be happier than Brando himself to see a big shakeup take place in Hollywood.

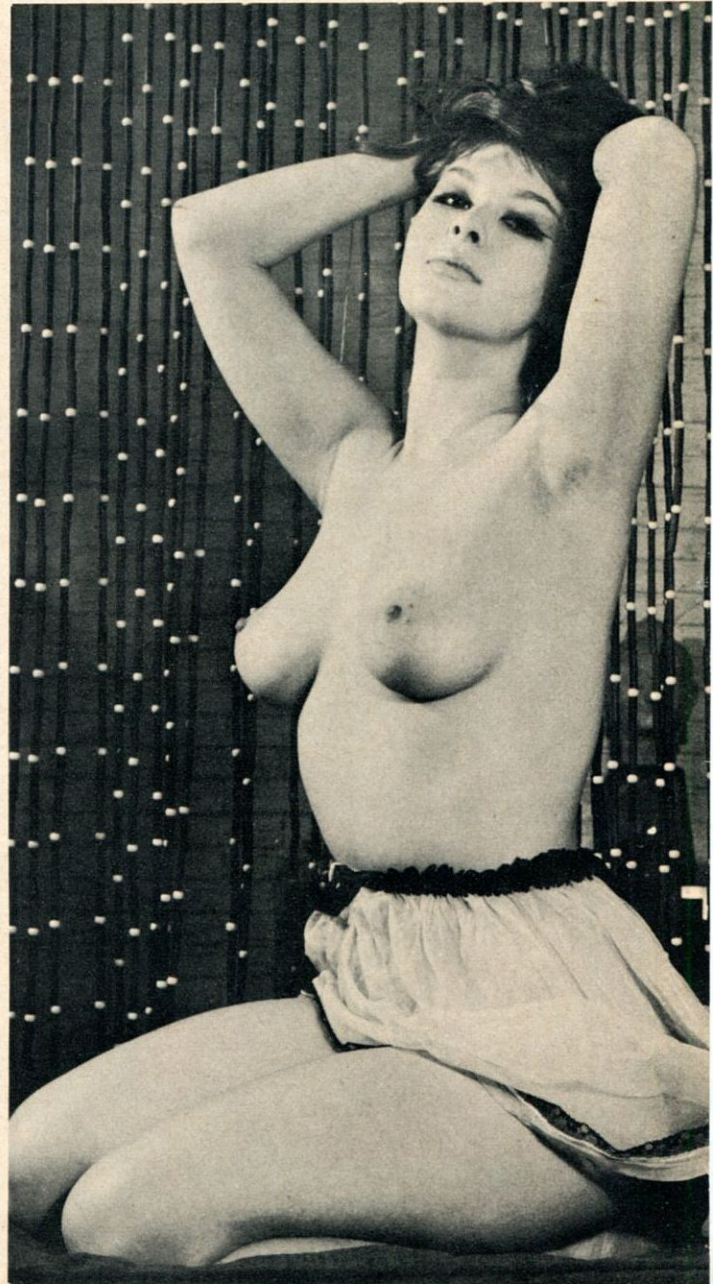
As a friend noted, "You can't replace talent. And that's something Marlon's never at a loss for."

It's also a safe bet that he won't be at a loss for beauties, either. For one of the secrets of his charms—paunchy and puffy-faced though he may be—is his never-ending mutinous attitude. In the words of one wag: "Always a Bligh, but never a bride, a girl can't help loving Marlon."



BEYOND THE FRINGE!

About the comedy show, "Beyond the Fringe," critics raved, "It's got to be good." After viewing Christina Scott in her modeling routine, one might say, "It's Scott to be good."





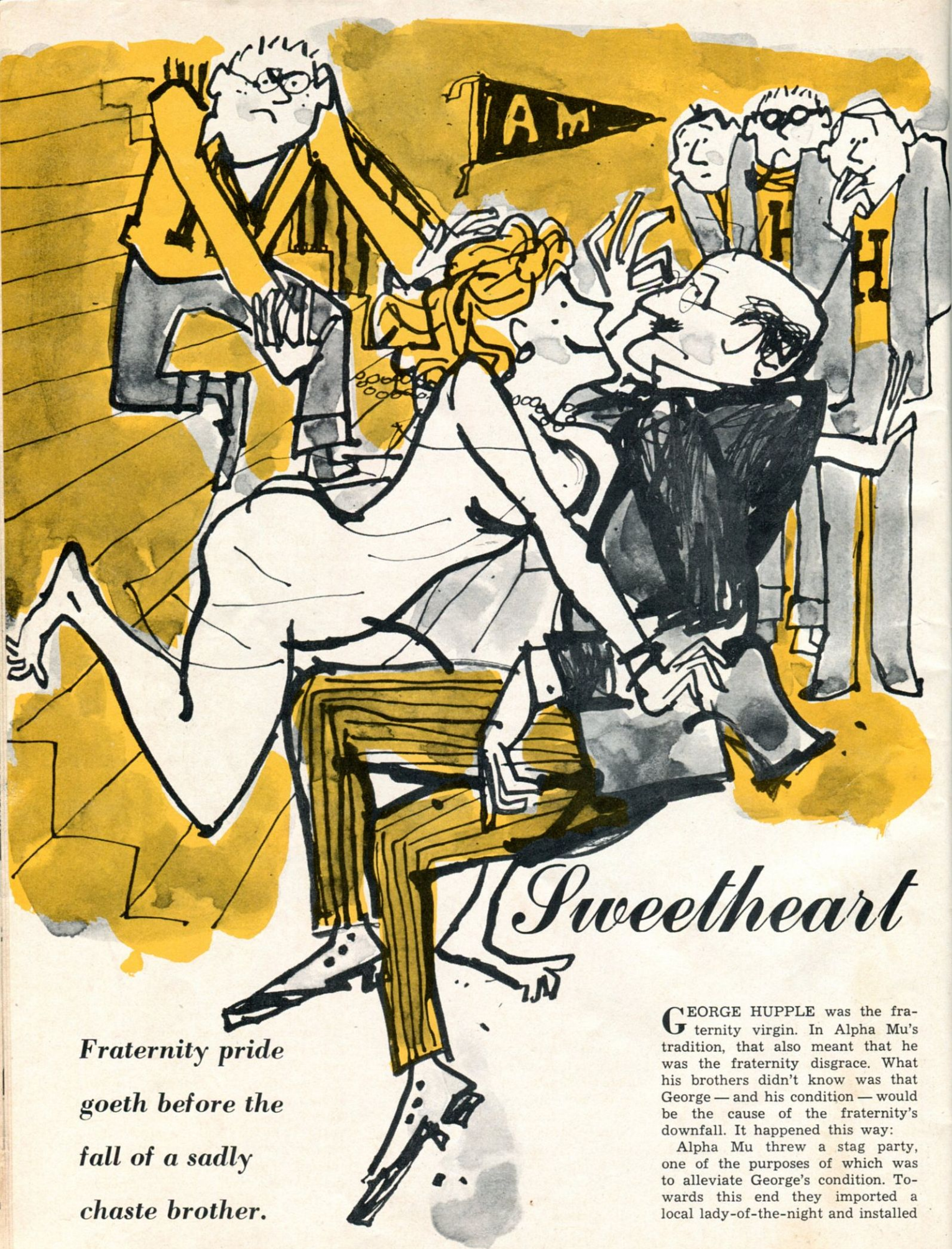
ONE OF THE brightest new English stage personalities to come along recently has been Christina Scott, who was described by one West End reviewer as "an actress with talent to match her beauty." Like many newly-arrived ingenues, this scintillating siren is keeping up with her modeling activities, because as she says, "at this stage of my career, a bird in hand is still worth two in the bush."

Although Christina is not in "Beyond the Fringe" (one good reason is the fact that the successful stage import from London has an all-male cast), she feels most at home, playing comedy roles. "There isn't anything so exciting to me as being able to make an audience burst into gales of laughter," she explained.

Meanwhile — until her acting roles reach the "in hand" stage with regularity — this adorable miss will be able to make readers burst into cheers with her on-page appearances. Here, for example, BACHELOR fans are given a welcome opportunity to pick up many, many unexpected fringe benefits.







Sweetheart

*Fraternity pride
goeth before the
fall of a sadly
chaste brother.*

GEORGE HUPPLE was the fraternity virgin. In Alpha Mu's tradition, that also meant that he was the fraternity disgrace. What his brothers didn't know was that George — and his condition — would be the cause of the fraternity's downfall. It happened this way:

Alpha Mu threw a stag party, one of the purposes of which was to alleviate George's condition. Towards this end they imported a local lady-of-the-night and installed

her in one of the frat house's upstairs bedrooms. A great deal of liquor was consumed and throughout the night various brothers made visits to Mabel — for that was her name — and returned to sing her praises. And finally some of the older brothers constituted themselves an honor-guard and escorted George to the place of assignation.

But drinking was also a part of the Alpha Mu tradition and George had more than done his part to uphold that tradition during the evening. The result was that just as his brothers led him through the portals of Mabel's home-away-from-home, George keeled over in an alcoholic faint. He landed right in Mabel's waiting arms.

"What," she asked, "am I supposed to do with this?"

It was a point well taken. Two of the brothers relieved her of her burden, while a third gallantly took George's place. And the party continued — George-less.

All the brothers were hung-over the next afternoon. The largest, most king-size of these hangovers — as was only fitting — belonged to the Alpha Mu president, Rodney Browder. He was in no mood for the problem which the delegation of brothers brought him that day.

"What do you mean she won't leave?" he asked, clutching his head.

"She says she's got no place to go... she says she likes it here... she says she wants to make a deal

as follows: 1.) The fraternity would provide her with a private room; 2.) she would get three meals a day; 3.) she would get two quarts of bourbon per week; 4.) she would be available to the brothers at half her normal price, or \$2.50 per engagement; 5.) payment in advance; 6.) her services would not be required on Mondays, or Thursdays; 7.) a schedule of visits would be set up on the basis of seniority and kept by Mabel; 8.) all the brothers were sworn to secrecy.

During the ensuing weeks the arrangement had certain side effects. The parents of the Alpha Mu brothers were deluged with urgent requests for money. Some of the boys began cutting classes and making demands on Mabel's leisure time. Finally she was forced to go to Rodney.

"Them little boys are satyrs," she complained. "I can't get no rest. I gotta cut the hours and you gotta enforce 'em strict-like."

Rodney complied and things ran more smoothly after that. All the boys were living a full, well-rounded sex life. All, that is, except George Hupple.

George was broke when the arrangement with Mabel had been made. He had no hopes of any money until the first of the month when his check from home was due. Until that time, he was forced to remain the Alpha Mu virgin; the shame of the frat-house.

Every so often the the Dean paid a surprise visit to each of the frat houses to make sure everything was kosher. Today, it seemed, was Alpha Mu's turn.

Under Rodney's direction cards and dice vanished magically. Empty beer bottles likewise did a disappearing act. Pornographic pictures were converted into maps of the world. And, finally, Mabel was cautioned to stay in her room and not to stir under penalty of death.

Twenty minutes later, when George, his monthly stipend clutched in his hot little hand, returned, his brothers were sitting decorously and having tea with Dean Abernathy. Intent on making an impression, they didn't see him slip in the door and hotfoot it up the stairs.

But none of those present ever forgot the disaster which followed. A high-pitched female scream brought the Dean to his feet. A second one propelled him to the foot of the stairs just in time to catch Mabel — clad only in a filmy negligee — in his arms. "What's the meaning of this?" the Dean roared.

"It's not my working hours," Mabel wept. "I told him, but that little boy's just a sex maniac!"

George who hadn't noticed the Dean, defended himself from the top of the stairs. "I been waiting all month. How do you think it feels, being the only guy in the frat who's still a virgin? And now, when I finally have the money, she gets on

of Dear Old Alpha Mu

with us. It should be interesting..."

So Rodney had all the brothers roused out of their beds of morning-after pain and assembled in the frat game-room. He presented the problem to them and, far from being bothered by it, they began enthusiastically to make plans to retain Mabel's services on a permanent basis. As one brother put it, "We owe it to old George."

Mabel was summoned and the terms of her tenancy worked out

But when the big day came, he was waiting at the post office before it opened. And so he was out of the house when one of the brothers glanced out the window and hit the panic-button.

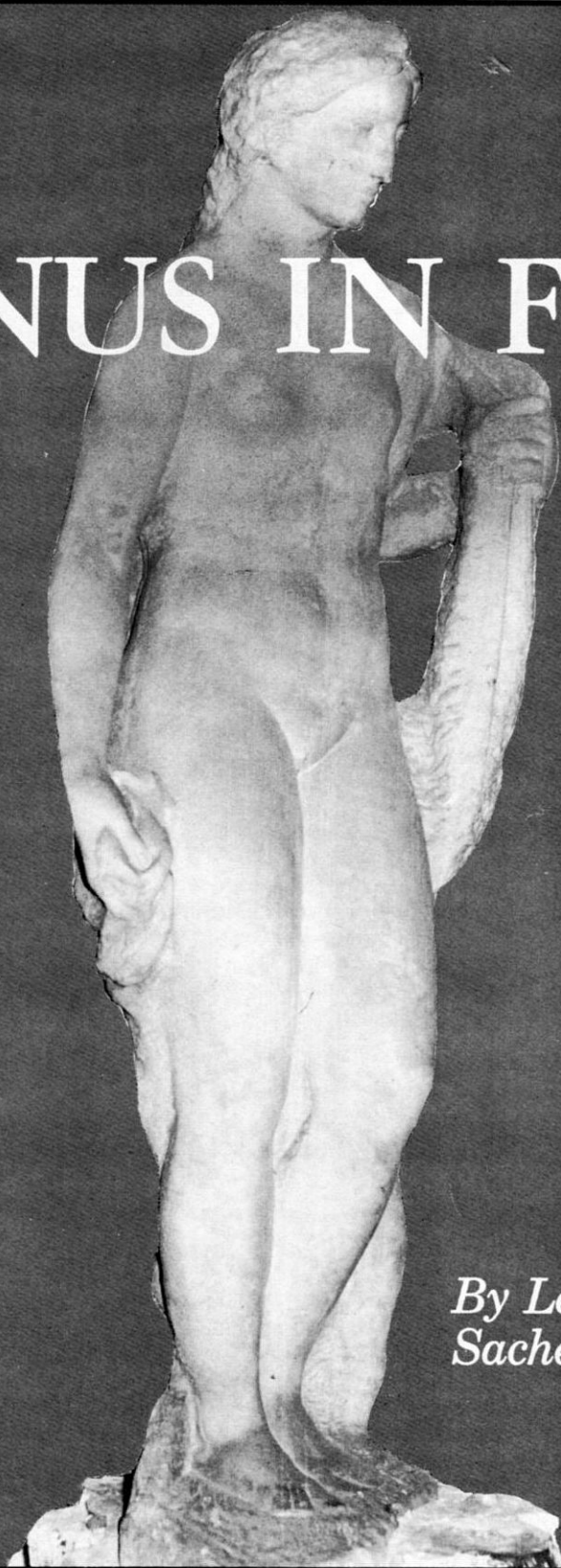
"Yikes!" he shouted. "Here comes Dean Abernathy heading for us!"

Rodney pushed him away from the window and saw that the Dean was indeed turning into their front walk. His mind raced and he shouted out orders like a major-general.

her high horse. It isn't right!" It..." His voice trailed off into silence as his eyes met those of Dean Abernathy's.

The silence was complete and in it each boy, correctly, read his doom. The very next day, quietly, efficiently, the Dean had the entire fraternity expelled. Many of the boys thought that the experience of Mabel made even their expulsion worthwhile. But not George Hupple. He was still a virgin. ●

VENUS IN FURS



*By Leopold von
Sacher-Masoch*

BY HARRY GREGORY

Even Freud Blushed

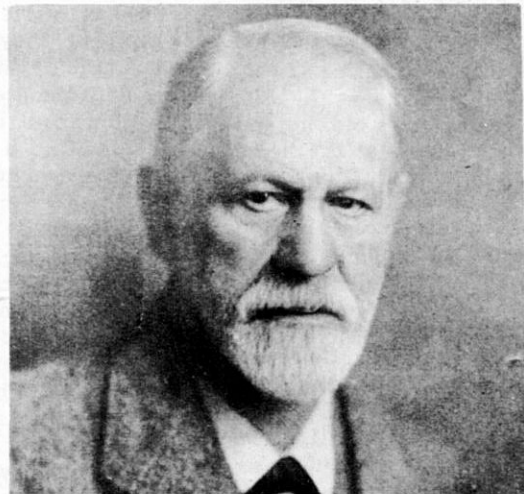
By writing a weird novel, the man—from whose name “masochism” was coined—opened the world’s eyes to those self-destructive pleasures that so many seek.

A FEW YEARS BACK, there was a joke going the rounds of hip Freudians. It goes like this: A male sadist married a masochist and on their wedding night, after they’d gone to their marriage chamber and locked the door behind them, the masochistic bride threw herself down on the bed, panting, and said, “Darling, beat me!” The sadist bared his teeth in a cruel smile, folded his arms and replied, “No!”

The humor of the anecdote lies in its reversal of the satisfactions of equally perverse sex appetites. To the average person, there would seem little doubt that they are equally perverse. But to Sigmund Freud himself, who is looked upon by his modern-day disciples as the Daddy of the permissive outlook towards all sexual deviations, there was a big difference in normality between the two.

With a somewhat moralistic embarrassment untypical of his usually frank approach to the psychology of sex, Freud wrote that because “mental processes are governed by the pleasure principle, so that avoidance of ‘pain’ and obtaining pleasure is their first aim, masochism is incomprehensible.” He added that “masochism appears to us as a great danger, which is in no way true of sadism, its counterpart.”

By making this uncharacteristic judg-



Sigmund Freud, who founded psychoanalysis, rated masochism more dangerous than sadism.

ment on the two classic poles of sexual depravity, Freud was also pronouncing judgment on the two men whose names are the accepted labels for these extremes. The first of these was the Marquis de Sade, a Frenchman whose life has been the subject of countless biographies and of his own autobiographical novels. “Sadism,” according to Webster’s Dictionary, is “a sexual perversion in which gratification is obtained by torturing the loved person.” The Marquis, who was born in 170 and died in 1814, lived up (Cont. on next page)

VENUS IN FURS—EVEN FREUD BLUSHED

to this definition throughout his entire adult life, unashamedly getting his kicks from flogging, mutilating and torturing a constant parade of young girls whom he lured, or sometimes brought by force, to his feudal castle. The works in which he detailed the horrors he perpetrated are banned in the U. S., but the perversion which bears his name, loathsome as it may be to the ordinary person, is still more easily understood here than its counterpart—named for Leopold von Sacher-Masoch.

"Masochism" is defined by Webster as "abnormal sexual passion, characterized by pleasure in being abused by one's associate." The word was coined by the famous sexologist Krafft-Ebbing while Sacher-Masoch was still alive. His justification lay in Sacher-Masoch's autobiographical novel *Venus in Furs* and in the much-publicized scandals of the novelist's life.

Sacher-Masoch was born in Lemburg, Austria on January 27, 1836. When he was ten years old, he and his family were guests at the home of a Countess Xenobia. While playing hide-and-seek one day, the boy hid in a wardrobe closet in the Countess' bedroom and witnessed the Countess and her lover caressing each other. While the boy watched, the Countess' husband, accompanied by two friends, burst into the room. But before the infuriated Count could take any action, the Countess seized a whip and drove all three from the room. The lover too slipped out. It was just after this exodus that the Countess discovered young Sacher-Masoch in the closet. Still consumed by fury, she dragged the boy out, threw him to the floor and began beating him unmercifully. His pain was great, but with it he felt a strange sense of pleasure. The beating was interrupted by the reappearance of the husband, come to beg forgiveness. As he knelt before the Countess, the boy made his escape, but not before he'd seen the woman deliver a cruel kick to the head of her cuckolded spouse. Sacher-Masoch remained outside the door to the room, feeling the first stirrings of sexual excitement as he listened to the groans and cries of the Count as the woman whipped and kicked him.

Three years later Sacher-Masoch

took part in the revolution of 1848. He fought side-by-side with a young woman, a relative of his family, who had the courage of a lioness and the bearing of an amazon. With her fur-trimmed jacket and pistol protruding from her girdle, she was to become the symbol to Sacher-Masoch of his sexual desire.

This desire was still only in the realm of imagination in 1855 when, just 19 years old, Sacher-Masoch was graduated as a lawyer from the University of Prague and accepted a position as a teacher of German history at the University of Graz. But by a year later his imaginings had become reality. In the interim he had met a Russian princess who persuaded him to quit his teaching post and go to Florence with her as her private secretary. Her beauty, her furs and the whip she carried (essential props to his fetishism), resulted in his falling wildly in love with her. They remained together for a year during which she treated him with the greatest cruelty, ordering him about like a servant, beating him like a slave and treating him like a eunuch while she made love to other men before his very eyes.

This was the first of many such interludes which made up his life for the next ten years. Then, at the age of 30, he fought in the war between Austria and Italy. At the battle of Solferino he was given a medal for bravery in action.

Shortly after the war, he wrote his first book, which detailed many of his strange sexual adventures. With this off his chest, he became engaged to a sweet and innocent young Austrian girl. But he broke the engagement when he met Laura Rümelin under circumstances which foreshadowed the fantastic life they were to have together.

It happened this way: A young woman friend of Laura's had written Sacher-Masoch a series of letters following publication of his first book. The letters had been written as a joke, but on second thought the writer feared that she had placed herself in a compromising position. Laura, as a favor, agreed to try to get the letters back for her friend.

At this time, Laura Rümelin was 27 years old. She was unmarried, worked as a glovemaker in the city of Graz and lived with her mother.

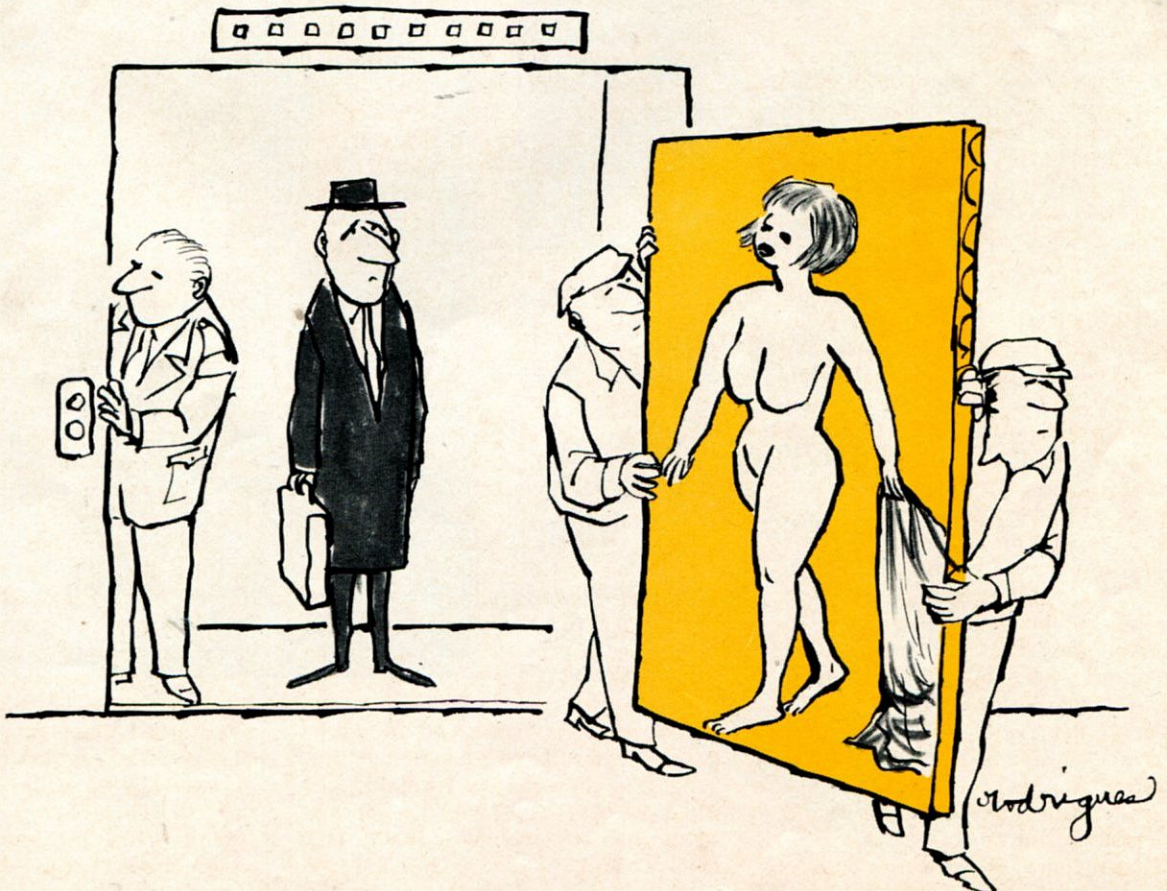
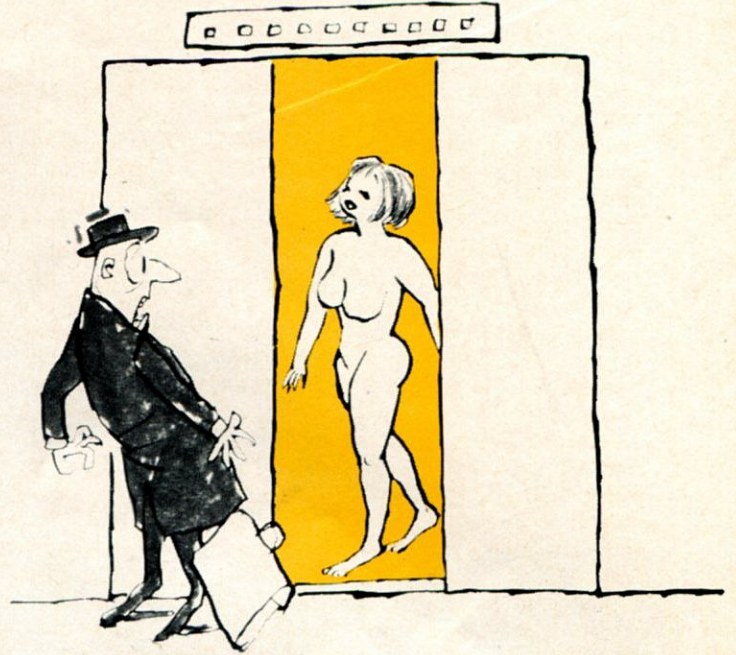
She wrote to Sacher-Masoch, requesting the return of the letters and signing her plea with the name of the heroine of his book.

Intrigued, the author insisted on meeting her before returning the letters. His lively imagination had built a web of romance around the glovemaker and he convinced himself that she was a noblewoman, disguising herself because she was married. Even after their meeting, Laura didn't disillusion him. She maintained her air of mystery, subtly encouraging him to jump to all sorts of conclusions. A relationship was established which resulted in the birth of a child out of wedlock. Following this, in 1873, they were married. It was after their marriage that Sacher-Masoch triggered the fantastic series of events that transformed Laura into his *Venus in Furs*.

It began with a harmless romp, involving the couple and their household servants. Carried away with the game, Sacher-Masoch asked his wife to whip him. When she refused, he had one of the young maids inflict the beating. Later, at his wife's insistence, the maid was discharged. To avoid a repetition of the incident, Laura finally agreed to his demands that she beat him herself. He devised a variety of whips for her to use in these daily beatings. His favorite was a silver-handled lash, studded with the points of nails. But the pleasure Sacher-Masoch took in having pain inflicted on him went further than physical beatings. To satisfy his deranged desires, he insisted that his wife should cuckold him. When she demurred, he set about making arrangements for her to have an extra-marital affair. He put an advertisement in a newspaper to the effect that a young, beautiful and bored wife desired to make the acquaintance of a sexually energetic man. When the ad was answered, he insisted that his wife should keep the tryst which had been arranged at a disreputable hotel.

Laura went, but when she explained the situation to the man she found there, he gallantly escorted her home without molesting her in any way. But Sacher-Masoch continued in his demands that his wife be unfaithful to him and finally she succumbed. She embarked on a series of affairs which Sacher-Masoch insisted she describe to him in detail just before his daily whippings. He would dress her himself for these assignations, bathe (Cont. on p. 61)

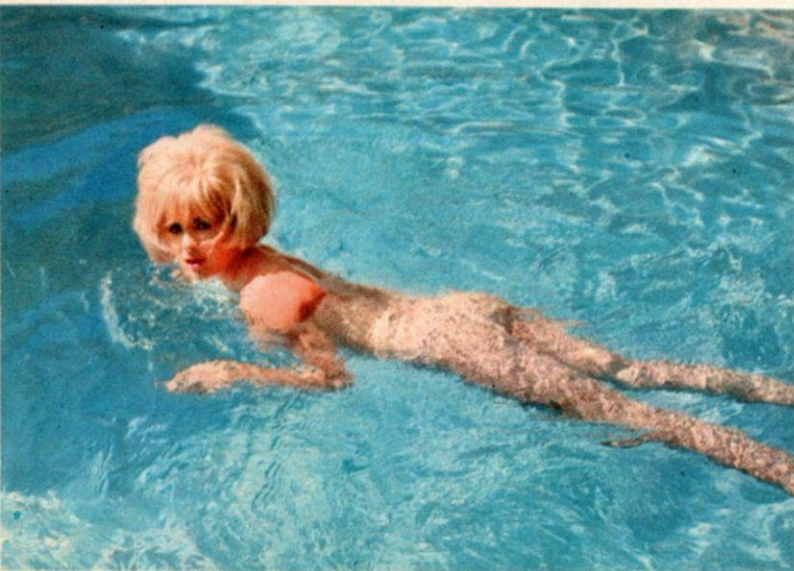
Wrong Floor



Judging from the size
of the swimming pool
that adorns her home
in Brentwood, Calif.,
lovely Carol Brent is
making a big splash



in the swim



as a TV actress. Yet
is there another star
who would make as ap-
pealing an off-screen
sight as Miss Brent
would in Brentwood?





FOUR AMERICAN WRITERS IN MOSCOW

After poet Robert Frost's successful visit to Russia last year, there has been talk that other writers should be sent. Here is what might happen if this plan went through.

SATIRE BY TED MARK

THE NAKED AND THE RED

AS IF BY NORMAN MAILER

ONE WONDERED why one had been chosen, never having thought of the U.S. State Department as one's buddy-buddy. One also wondered at the strange company, culturally speaking, which one found oneself in—a word-mincing lady chronicler of provincial American sexualia, prissy, overweight and lost in a morass of erotic evasions and misconceptions; an overage East Side kid shoveling his slummy semantics of sterilized manure in an effort to stem the unstemmable crumbling of

the ramparts of this best of all possible worlds; a pattern-making distorter of history, expert at dropping words like ju-jubes into the mouths of everybody from Honest Abe to De Lawd himself, and prodding their regurgitation onto the pages of popular potboilers fit for family brainwashing. And me? Well, why not. I was, after all, the only writer worthy of the name in America today, and too hip to the fact to be immodest about it.

So I put on my one (Cont. on p. 42)

KREMLIN PLACE

AS IF BY GRACE METALIOUS

THE KREMLIN is a small place. Like any small place it is pretty and picturesque on the surface. But underneath it is seething. With politics, yes. But also with sex. Thanks to the State Department, I was able to shovel beneath the surface to uncover the turbulent emotions of the people of the Kremlin, to unearth their hidden peccadillos, to see what really makes them tick. Here is what I found:

On the outside, Nikita Khrushchev was the stern despot who thought of nothing but world Communism. But he was a man. Fat, but all

man. I could tell by the way he stared at my womanly bosom all through dinner. At least, I thought I could tell. Later I wondered, because a stalk of Vladivostok asparagus had lodged in the cleft between my breasts and that might have accounted for his staring.

That was Friday night, and I thought about that passionate look in his eyes later when I'd gone to bed. I'd never known an asparagus fetish before—particularly a Russian one—and the idea intrigued me. It gave rise to a variety of erotic thoughts which (Cont. on p. 44)

ONLY IN MOSCOW

AS IF BY HARRY GOLDEN

DOWN ON THE lower East Side when I was a boy, we used to have a saying: "You can't fight City Hall." So when Nikki and Nina asked me to dinner, I went, even though I knew the blinys would be served with a side dish of Soviet food for thought. I went even though I realized that now I'd have to have them over some time, and that can lead to all kinds of things like weekly mah-jong games and bar-mitzvah invitations and sharing a bungalow for the summer in Far Rockaway. It wasn't that I had anything against getting chummy with the Khrushchevs; it was just that Bolshevik borscht once a week was more than my ulcer could take in a city where you couldn't buy a 2¢-plain if your heartburn depended on it. Still, Mama and Papa had raised me always to be neighborly, so I went.

I was right about the borscht. My mother used to make the best borscht on Hester Street, so you can see I'm something of an expert on it. My mother's borscht had sour cream in it. Nina's borscht had a potato in it. And too much pepper. But I smacked my lips over it because I know you can sooner tell a woman she's getting too fat than risk criticizing her cooking.

But a man can't help thinking, and I was thinking that there was definitely too much onion-salt in the pot roast when Nikki mentioned that he hadn't much appetite, because he'd spent the day arguing policy with Chou En Lai.

"The Chinese are wonderful people, but difficult to bargain with," I observed.

"We will bury them," he told me confidentially.

"Among the Chinese in New York, juvenile delinquency is unknown," I informed him.

"That is why we will bury them; the young must be trained (Cont. on p. 42)

THE DAY KHRUSHCHEV GOT STONED

AS IF BY JIM BISHOP

WHEN the U.S. State Department saw fit to send me to Moscow as part of its cultural exchange program, I took advantage of the opportunity to dig into the archives and interview all the people concerned with that most momentous historical event — the day Premier Khrushchev got looped. All the data is authentic, the conversations projections of real conversations as closely as they are recalled. The result, I trust, will be to make you, the reader, feel as though You Are There!

What kind of a day was it? A day like any day, filled with those events which alter and illuminate our time. It began with the sun bouncing heatless rays off the spires of the Kremlin at precisely six-seventeen in the morning.

At that moment the Premier lay in bed with his eyes closed. As closely as can be determined, he was asleep. At six-eighteen—give or take five seconds—he emitted a snore through his left nostril. The snore was not emitted through the right nostril. This was because the nasal cavity leading to the right nostril was blocked by a deviated sseptum. The sseptum of the nasal cavity leading to the left nostril was not so blocked. That's why the Premier snored through his left nostril. It was a healthy Russian left-nostril snore.

Six-twenty-two. In a public lavatory on the west side of Moscow, exactly three and two tenth miles from the Kremlin, three men rose wearily to their feet. They have been here since midnight. They have been plotting. They have been plotting the deliberate and with-malice-aforethought intoxication of Nikita Khrushchev. Their plans are complete. One by one, at intervals of four minutes and thirty-seven seconds, they slip out into the harsh glare of the morning sun. (Cont. on p. 44)

Three husbands failed
to make siren Marilyn
Monroe feel happy.



Dream Girls Can Be

BY JAY MARTIN

NIGHTMARES

THERE SHE IS: Sexy, provocative, with a figure that drives you wild and a glint in her eyes that promises heaven on earth. She is every inch a dream girl, and it's all you can do to keep from taking that bundle of curves in your arms and carrying her off into the night.

Well, brother, fight that urge! If the lady is a genuine, 24-carat dream girl, your best possible course would be to bow, tip your hat and run for your life.

Dream girls are best left to the imagination. Flesh and blood ones are all too likely to turn into nightmares. There is plenty

Too often the girls men put on pedestals prefer to be footloose. It's only when a swain tries to change a doll that he winds up being short-changed.

of evidence to support this—both in the past and present.

Take, for example the Sirens of ancient Greek legend, who got their kicks by luring eager-eyed sailors to their deaths; also the Lorelei who put on a similar routine in Germany. Then, of course, we can't forget the succubi of the Middle Ages, female demons who made love to sleeping men in order to capture their souls.

Many of the legendary dream girls are so well known that there's no point in going into their stories here. What the beautiful but deadly Helen did to the city-state of Troy, for instance, has been told and re-told in countless stories, poems and dramas.

The best study of the nature and history of the dream girls may well exist in a strange but brilliant book, *The White Goddess*, written by the poet and scholar, Robert Graves. The goddess, whom Graves claims was

worshiped under such diverse names as Isis, Kali, Istar, Aphrodite, Ceridwen and Blodeuwedd, to name just a few, is both absolutely loving and treacherous. She will come to a man of her own free will and bring the paradise she's promised. But ultimately, she will betray him. Paradoxically, the last thing she can bear is true love fulfilled.

The modern dream girl is cut to this same pattern.

She may wear bikinis to the beach, go in for sports cars and use hip language. Though unlike Grave's goddess, she need not demand the literal death of her lover, the pattern of ecstasy and betrayal remains the same.

Probably the most famous of today's dream dolls is a blonde French girl with a childlike pout and an amazing figure. Brigitte Bardot is not only the idol of 50 million Frenchmen, she is equally

(Cont. on next page)



After split with Liz, Eddie Fisher returned to U.S., entered hospital.

Sami Frey's romance with Brigitte Bardot has been both hot and cold.

DREAM GIRLS CAN BE NIGHTMARES

appreciated by countless Englishmen, Spaniards, Americans, Latin Americans, Germans and what have you. There's hardly a male citizen of any country where BB's films have been shown who did *not* make her the object of his dreams at one time or another.

All this did not come about by accident. Bardot was deliberately shaped into a dream girl by her first husband, a then young reporter and would-be movie director, named Roger Vadim, whose announced purpose was to make her "the unrealizable dream of all men."

Vadim succeeded only too well. Brigitte, who had an upper middle-class background and was rather typical of many good-looking girls who wanted to become actresses, was completely transformed. Her brown hair had become blonde, her face and figure had become a symbol of sex.

She was a dream girl, and Roger Vadim was to become her first victim.

The story has been told before: How, during the production of her first great hit, *And God Created Woman*, she played a scene in bed

with her leading man, Jean Louis Trintignant. Vadim, as director, insisted that it be played in the nude. When the scene was over, Vadim had lost his wife.

Brigitte and Jean Louis took up housekeeping together. And the bereft Vadim? One night, he got into his car, pressed down on the gas pedal and ran the machine off the road! Fortunately, he escaped unharmed.

Bardot stayed with Trintignant for about a year. Then her eye rested upon a jazz guitarist named Sacha Distel, whom she invited to the Riviera where she had purchased a house. Sacha came happily. In the meantime, back in Paris, it was Trintignant's turn to have a nervous breakdown.

For half a year, Sacha gave up his own career to be with Brigitte. But when he went on tour, BB took up with her next co-star, Jacques Charrier.

After a whirlwind courtship, Charrier and Bardot decided to marry. Soon afterwards the word was out that the "sex-kitten" was going to have a baby.

Yet, if Frenchmen thought that motherhood was going to change Brigitte, they were sadly mistaken. One of the first things she did on her recovery was to pose for photographers in order to prove that she hadn't lost her famous shape. And soon, she was proving that her nature had not changed, either.

Shortly after she began losing interest in her husband, Charrier became No. 3 on the nervous breakdown parade. By the time he got back from the mental hospital, BB was already involved with still another actor, Sami Frey, her co-star in *The Truth*.

The situation reached a climax in an off-camera scene between the two actors in front of a Left Bank cafe. Before more than a few punches could be thrown, however, the cops arrived and broke it up. Brigitte fled to the Riviera, where she tried to commit suicide. Later, she got back together with Sami.

The reason we have concentrated so on BB's career is not that she is the *only* 20th century dream girl, but that her actions seem to fit the classic pattern more closely than most of the others. Like Robert Graves' goddess, she seems to bring a man both ecstasy and the sure

knowledge that sooner or later he will be dropped for a successor. Even the attempted suicide is not out of character. Dream girls often have a propensity for self-destruction which matches their subconscious need to shatter men.

Until her recent death, the best-known American dream girl was undoubtedly Marilyn Monroe. Unlike Brigitte, Marilyn had a childhood which was as rough as any you'll find in a sociological novel. She literally had to claw and fight her way out of the slums. Her first marriage, which also came in her teens, was not to a future movie director but to a factory worker named James Dougherty. When Marilyn's screen career began to get under way, the two broke up.

By the time of her second marriage she was already a celebrity—a love goddess in her own right. Her wedding to Joe DiMaggio, who was at the time the most famous athlete in the country, seemed like an ideal mating of male and female.

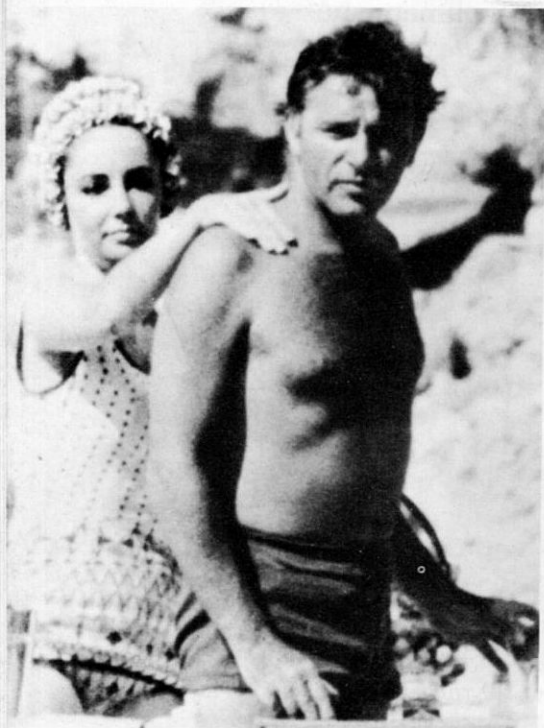
At the time of their divorce, insiders reported that she left him—and not the other way around. This was confirmed by later events. DiMaggio, those close to him say, never fell out of love with her. It is not generally known that when Marilyn was at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center for three weeks shortly after her third divorce, the ex-Yankee slugger flew in from Florida every day just to be with her. Later, he took care of the arrangements at her funeral.

Marilyn's third marriage, to playwright Arthur Miller, was billed as a wedding of brains and beauty. It lasted some four years. During that time, the man who is considered one of the two greatest living American dramatists was strangely unprolific. He produced a few short stories, plus a script for the film, *The Misfits*, in which Marilyn was starred.

Many people have speculated over whether the strain of living with a dream girl was not too much for the writer. To be fair, however, others have pointed out that Miller's creativity seemed to be on the downgrade when he met Marilyn and have theorized that he hoped to recover it in his marriage with the dream girl.

Marilyn left Miller amid rumors of an affair with the French actor, Yves Montand — gossiping which ended with Montand going back to his wife, Simone Signoret.

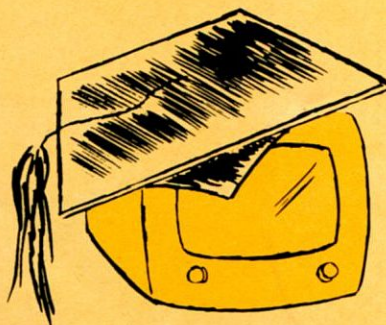
Then MM died (Cont. on p. 61)



Many say secret of Burton's success with Liz is his art of being "cool."

Not even a mortarboard can hide the
fact that educational TV's greatest
pulling power is really sex appeal.

STARDOM VIA ETV



IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN in a small town, the way Charley Howser changed so completely. We called him "Prof," 'cause he taught at the girls school out on the outskirts, but he wasn't really a professor in the strictest sense of the word. He was pretty smart, though—and good-looking, too. You'd a thought the way those well-shaped 18- and 19-year-olds kept sidling up to him, asking about this and that and trying to wrap him up with their eyes that he'd be a dead duck for one of them, at least. But the Prof was strictly all business on the campus. He never believed in mixing his personal life with his teaching activities; said it was the best way for a teacher to get himself hung. The Prof was pretty smart for a young fella—he couldn't a been more than 30, and he was still a bachelor.

Yet, even though he kept himself aloof from the girls, they all liked him. The menfolk in the town liked him, too, 'cause he was always willing to listen to what the other fellow had to say; and he never used that great background of knowledge he had to make the rest of us feel dumb. Nope, the Prof was a pretty square-shooting guy. On Thursday night, he'd always show up at our bowling league—and on Saturdays, and sometimes on Wednesdays, he'd be in the company of Miss Julia Crowe, who taught in the town's kindergarten. We all figured that the Prof and Miss Crowe would eventually get married—that is, until the big change came over him.

This change I'm talking about didn't happen all of a sudden. It came on gradually—in fact, it came on so slowly that none of us—including Miss Crowe—ever realized, at first, that it was taking place.

Actually, I guess you could say

the thing happened the day our town got its educational television station. Up to this time we had only one outlet on which we got shows from all the networks. The trouble was, if you didn't like what was on at a particular time, you either had to lump it or find something else to do. Well, the new educational TV station changed this situation a lot. They put on a lot of fancy music shows, with long-named piano players and fiddlers from Europe. They also put on a lot of pretty good plays that were taped in England. But the biggest thing that happened was when they put the Prof on for a nightly literature session between 10 and 11 p.m.

From the beginning, his show was a big success. He had, what you could call, a naturally magnetic television personality—a lot like Leonard Bernstein, when he was on "Omnibus." All the Prof had to do was to put that wonderful storehouse of knowledge he had in the simple terms he knew so well, and, presto, he was made. When you consider what he was competing against—Monday, Ben Casey; Tuesday, Gary Moore; Wednesday, U.S. Steel Hour; Thursday, Alfred Hitchcock; and Friday, Jack Paar—you can realize how good he was to get the top ratings.

The Prof loved this new show—and he worked pretty hard at making it a success. He still kept up with his teaching at the girls school, and after awhile, he got so busy that we didn't see as much of him as we used to.

The Prof got so successful, in fact, that the other television station began complaining about unfair competition. They said it wasn't right to use public funds for a show that really wasn't educational after all. They insisted it was nothing more or

less than a "glamor" display—just like what they were offering. But nobody paid any attention to the other station's protests, mainly 'cause they liked the Prof so much. Then, too, they were enjoying for the first time a chance of choosing what they wanted to see.

After awhile, the Prof became just about the biggest man in town. He could've run for mayor—and won—if he wanted. His students began acting like he was Fabian or Elvis Presley, screaming every time he entered the classroom. And then it happened. The town's newspaper broke the story that one of the Prof's prettiest students accused him of making her pregnant. What's more, she happened to be the daughter of the man who owned the non-educational station. At first, the Prof denied the whole thing; but the trustees of the school placed him under suspension until the matter could be cleared up. Later, the Prof allowed that he was probably the father after all, and suddenly he upped and eloped with the girl.

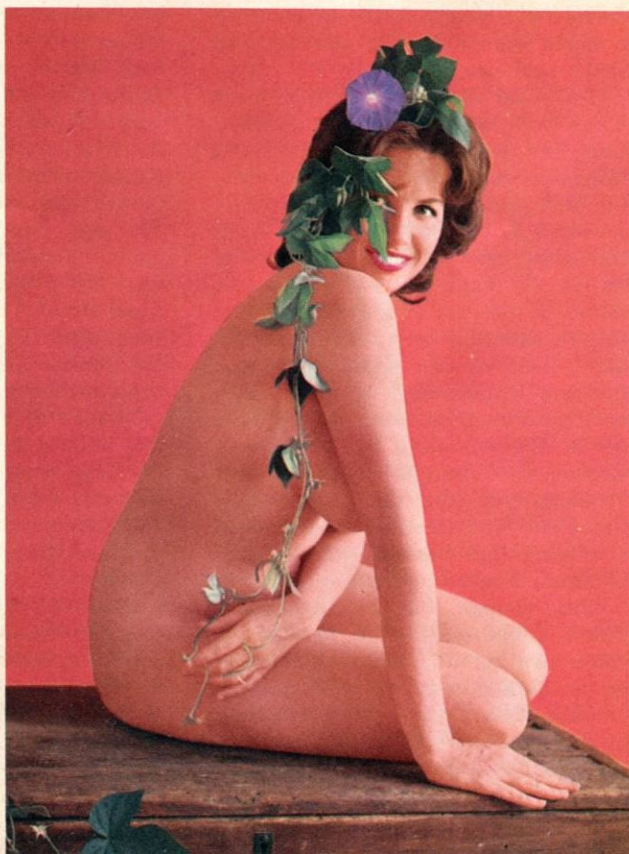
Well, you never could imagine how thunderstruck all of us were. Us fellows at the bowling league found it hard to pay attention to our spares and strikes. Yet, Miss Crowe was probably the most sensible person of all. Though heartbroken, she figured he just wasn't the same Prof anymore.

The school canned him, and so did the educational TV station. But that didn't stop the Prof's new father-in-law from hiring him. So now the former hero of educational TV has his own show on the commercial station. And you want to know something? His ratings are higher than ever. As the Prof's father-in-law told me, "I always said sex appeal was always his biggest asset—and since, ahem, the incident, why his sex appeal's even greater." ●

HIDDEN TREASURE



Every year there are thousands of Americans who discover priceless relics in their attics. Yet, how wonderful it would be to turn up such a find as this month's cover girl, Bonnie Jean Wells!





THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

It's great driving a cab—if you can avoid getting mixed up in the public's private lives.

I WAS RIDIN' EMPTY, pushin' my hack down Park Avenue toward the corner of 49th Street, when I seen it happen. I seen the whole thing. The crosstown block is jammed, like it always is just before theatre time. Bumper-to-bumper, with the horns blowin' an' movin' maybe a yard every five minutes. Anyway, this Checker is makin' a left into the block from the Avenue. An' this Yellow, he's tryin' to squeeze past the island, straight ahead on 49th. It's obvious, there ain't room for both of 'em to squeeze in. But they're stubborn. An inch at a time, workin' the brakes, they're both tryin' to angle into the same spot. Both drivers is watchin' each other outa the corner of their eyes, inchin' along, determined not to let the other guy get no advantage. Like they say, it was inevitable. First they hooked their front fenders, without realizin' it, an' the next second they both feed gas at the same time an' there was a sounda rippin' metal an' they was hooked for good. Yeah. I seen the whole thing.

It jammed the traffic for fair. Nothin' moved—an' that meant me too. I could see nothin' was likely to move, neither, 'til they pulled 'em apart. So I got outa my cab to help. That was my big mistake.

"You see that?" says the Checker, wavin' his hands real excited-like. "You see that?"

"Yeah, I seen it," I say. "I seen the whole thing."

"Whaddaya thinka that?" says the Yellow, an' his face is all screwed up angry-like, with the veins standin' out. "Whaddaya thinka that?"

"I dunno what to think," I say. "I seen the whole thing an' I dunno."

"This hungry *schlemiel*," says the Checker. "He sees me comin' an' he's gotta try to beat me out."

"*Monadga mahcahrone!*" says the Yellow. "I'm inna slot already an' this *stupido* still tryin' to squeeze!"

"You was both wrong," I tell 'em, but they ignore me.

"Ya big shnook," says the Checker to the Yellow, "where'dja getcha license anyway? Win it in a raffle?"

"Ya blind, ya *bandito*," says the Yellow to the Checker, "ya don' see I already edged ya out, ya oughta be sellin' pencils over on Broadway!"

Just then this geezer gets outa the backa the Checker an' comes up to the driver. The fare's a well-turned-out type, black coat, white scarf, gloves, the works; maybe in his late thirties, with one of them ruddy, after-shave complexions an' greying at the temples, like one of them men of distinction in a Calvert ad. "Driver," he says, "we'll walk from here." An' he holds out a bill to pay the tab.

"I'm sorry, sir," says the Checker, "but I'll have to take the names an' addresses of you an' yer companion for the accident report."

"That won't be necessary; we're quite unhurt."

"It's regulations, sir; I have to."

"We'd prefer not to be involved."

He says it real firm-like an' holds the bill out to the Checker again.

"It's company regulations, sir, an' it's the law, too..."

Well, while the Checker's explainin', the backa the Yellow opens an' out comes this young fellow, maybe in his late twenties, not as dressy as the Checker passenger, but maybe a head taller an' with lotsa muscles showin' through his Crawford suit. "End of the line, huh driver," he says, an' he fishes for his wallet in his inside pocket.

Before he can get it out, the Yellow's come up with a pencil an' a hunka paper. "May I have yer name an' address, sir," he says.

"What for?"

"The accident report. An' I'll need the lady's name an' address too, sir."

"We didn't see anything, and we don't want to be held up. We're on our way to the theatre." The young Tarzan tries to hand the Yellow a bill.

"I'm sorry, Mister, but it's the law..."

So the two passengers are arguin' with the two drivers an' I'm jogglin' up an' down on the bumpers of the two hacks, trying to shake 'em loose without too much success, when the Checker door an' the Yellow door open at the same time. Two dames step out an' they look at each other the way dames do—like a pair of heavyweights at the weigh-in. Then they look at the two guys arguin' with the two drivers.

The dame gettin' outa the Checker's a real doll. Maybe fifteen years younger than the Brooks Brothers guy she's with, she's a busty red-head, all curves an' wriggles; Sugar Daddy bait if I ever saw it. The woman slidin' outa the Yellow's older by maybe ten years, good-lookin' in a Deborah Kerr kinda way, mature-lookin', like she's been around an' wouldn't mind goin' around again. She's maybe too old for the muscle squirt, but it's easy to see why he'd overlook it. Anyway, she glims the Sugar Daddy arguin' with the Checker an' her eyes go Ping! Pong! back to the redhead an' back to him again.

"Arthur!" she says, an' it comes out high screech with a broad A. Then she looks like she could bite her tongue, but it's too late. Her voice carries like a air raid siren an' the Sugar Daddy's head pops up like somebody hit him with a bayonet.

"Eleanor!" he says, an' there's scrambled egg all over his kisser.

"What are you doing here?" she says.

"What are you doing here?" he says.

"I thought you were supposed to be working late!" she says.

"I thought you were supposed to be playing bridge!" he says.

"Ha!" she says.

"Ha!" he says.

"You young goniffs are all alike; they shouldn't oughta give you licenses," says the Checker to the Yellow.

"Why, you old *bastardo*! Yer so old ya goin' blind; yer a menace onna road," says the Yellow to the Checker.

"Ahh! Whadda you know?" says the Checker. "I was hackin' when you was in diapers!"

"An' I'da made a better hackie in diapers than you are now," says the Yellow.

"You're sort of robbing the cradle, aren't you, Arthur?" says the Saks Fifth dame, looking from him to the redhead and back again.

"Ditto, my dear," says the Sugar Daddy, eyeing the Boy Scout.

"Now I know why you said you couldn't afford that stole I wanted; you're spending it all on little tramps like that!"

"And now I know why I never get a hot meal; you're too busy playing pattycake with your gigilo."

"I resent that!" says the redhead.

"I resent that!" says the Boy Scout.

"Communist!" says the Checker.

"Fascisti!" says the Yellow.

An' all this time the traffic's gettin' more an' more jammed up. It's tied in knots for three blocks crosstown an' six blocks down Park—not to mention me an' a few other cars stuck on the uptown side. So I'm still tryin' to shake the fenders loose an' meanwhile the horns are blowin' like there's a prize goes to the guy who holds his down the longest, an' these people are all arguin' like it was a disarmament conference.

"Hey," I say to the two hackies, "gimmee a hand here an' I think we can work 'em loose."

"He cut right into me," says the Checker. "You saw it; you're a witness."

"He saw me, but he just kept comin'," says the Yellow. "I'm glad you're around to show what a liar he is."

"You was both wrong," I tell 'em.

"Who's a liar?"

"You are, an' if you wasn't such an old has-been, I'd knock the stuffin' outa you 'til you admitted it."

"You resent that?" says the Sugar Daddy to the Boy Scout. "You've got your nerve! That's my wife you're out with; I've got a good mind to punch you right in the nose!"

"You'd better watch your step, you hussy," says the matronly type to the redhead. "I could sue you for alienation of affections."

Their words flew hot 'n heavy.

"Who you gonna knock the stuffin' outa?"

"You! You, old as you are, if you don't shut that yap of yours."

"Go ahead and punch me in the nose; but I should warn you first that I was an amateur boxing champion at college!"

"I didn't alienate his affections, Mrs. Foster. You did that yourself!"

"Ya think yer man enough—go ahead an' try it!"

"I wouldn't soil my hands on a gigolo like you!"

"Oh! There ought to be a law against women like you walking the street!"

"Don't tempt me, you old *bastardo*! I'm liable to breath hard an' knock ya over!"

"I'm warning you, Mr. Foster, don't call me that name."

"Oh! If you had any shame—Young woman, my husband's old enough to be your father!"

"Yes, Eleanor, and you are easily old enough to be this lad's mother. I'm surprised at you! He's not even dry behind the ears yet."

"You're a fine one to talk, Arthur.

Carousing around town with a girl in pigtailed!"

"It's a ponytail, Mrs. Foster. And at least it isn't dyed like yours."

"All right, Lucy, you stay out of this. Let me handle it. For your information, Eleanor, Miss Anson here is my secretary. We were working late and I was just dropping her on my way home."

"That explains why you're both dressed for the theatre, of course. Oh, come on, Arthur, you can do better than that!"

"I can, but I won't. It happens to be the truth. But that's something you wouldn't know anything about."

"Really? Well, for your information, Mr. Dalton here is a member of my bridge club and I was just giving him a lift home after the game which broke up early."

"There's only one trouble with that one, Eleanor. We happen to live on the East Side and you're heading west."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Old! I could be in my grave an' still handle a young punk like you!"

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah!"

"Don't tempt me, old man, I'm liable to ferget ya grey hairs."

"What's a nice girl like you doing with an aging Casanova like that?" the Boy Scout asks the redhead.

"The same thing you're doing with that over-age destroyer you're con-voing," the redhead tells him.

"Listen, four-eyes, watch who yer throwin' yer weight around with."

"Does she massage your back in the office when your arthritis acts up, Arthur?"

"I guess we're both just playing the cards the way they fall; the married ones seem to have all the dough. Right, Red?"

"Who ya callin' four-eyes?"

"Wait 'til he finds out your hair's turning grey, Eleanor; just wait."

"It looks like we'll be stuck here awhile, Red, so we might as well introduce ourselves. I don't think the Fosters are about to perform any introductions. I'm Roger Dalton."

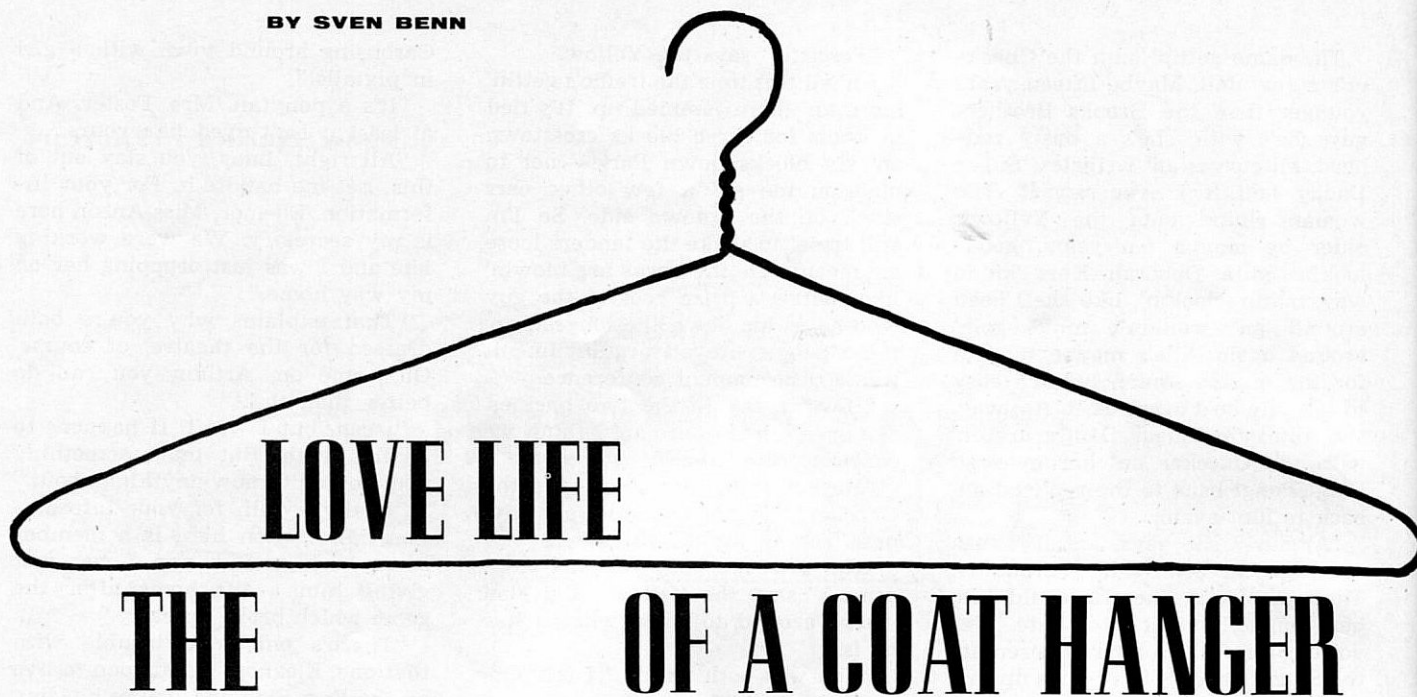
"You, ya blind squirt. That's who!"

"What's the matter, Arthur? Jealous?"

"I'm glad to know you, Roger. My name's Lucy Anson."

"Hey," I yell. "I just about got it loose, if one of you guys'll gimmee a hand." But everybody just ignores me. They're too busy yellin' at each other an', besides, maybe they can't hear me over the horns.

"One more crack (Cont. on p. 64)



LOVE LIFE THE OF A COAT HANGER

Ever notice how wire coat hangers have a way of multiplying in your closet? After more than two years of thorough research, the author has come up with the amazing cause.

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO SEE some fireworks, put a pair of coat hangers in a hotel room closet, preferably one that specializes in short-term transients. Remember the room number. Come back in six months and check. Watch out when you open the door, that the damn things don't cascade all over you by the dozens. Furthermore, you can get the same results working either with empty haunted houses or temporarily vacant apartments and bungalows.

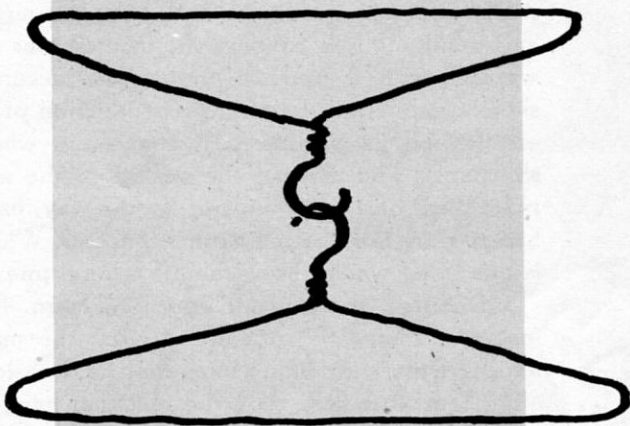
If you try this simple experiment but for some reason don't want to believe the results, ask a respected, level-headed friend about his experiences with hanger reproduction. See if he doesn't recite similar tales. Unlike looking for flying saucers, hanger-watching is a hobby everyone can take part in with respectability.

Don't ask dry cleaning proprietors, though. They never believe coat hangers reproduce, and are quick to tell anyone who suggests the fact that he is crazy as hell. The reason hangers do not multiply in dry cleaning establishments is not—as Darwin (and later, Spencer) supposed—that the deadly fumes tend to break down the reproductive cells. The situation is no more complicated than the fact that cleaners have no closets. The wire hanger like many other organisms likes his privacy—and gets it. Else you get no hanger-progeny.

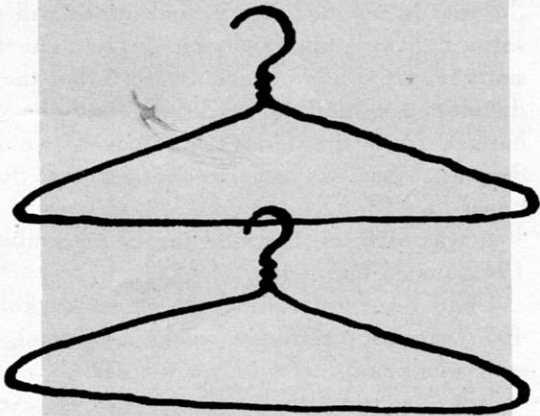
As has been stated, everyone knows hangers reproduce. But until recently, no one has known how. The historic breakthrough—the author's discovery—was effected over a period of two-and-one-half years. Whereas jealous husbands hide quietly in clothes closets, to spy on lovers in bedrooms, I simply hid quietly in bedrooms, to spy on lovers in clothes closets. All Nobel Prizes and Ford Foundation currency-grams can reach me in care of this magazine.

It took an infra-red pinpoint-sized flashlight—constructed (Cont. on p. 36)

LOVE PLAY

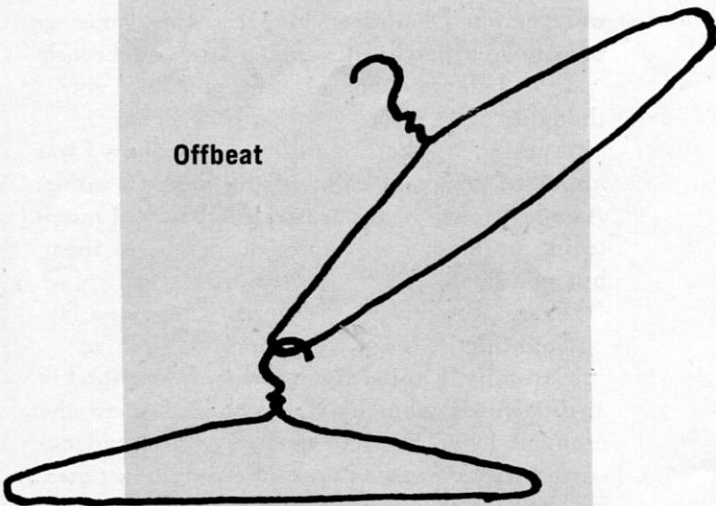


Normal
Love-Making Position

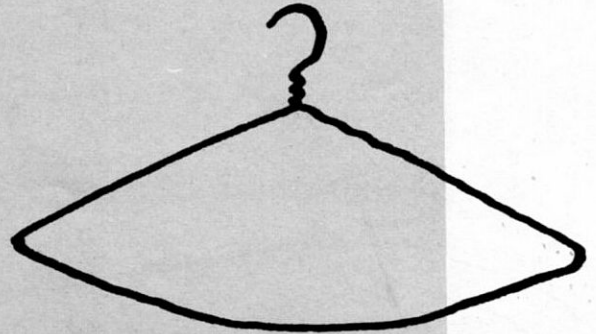


Abnormal

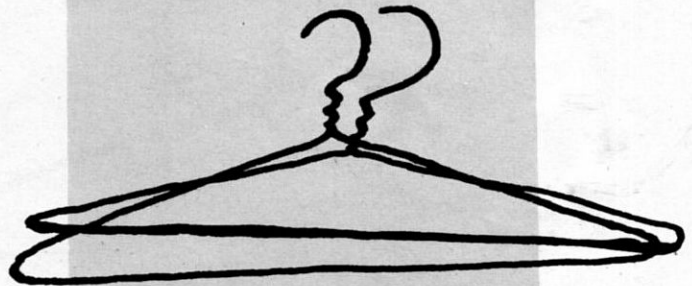
Offbeat



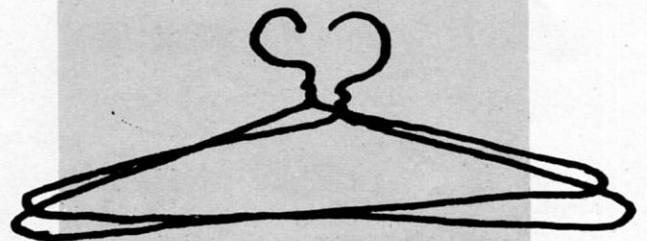
RESULTS



Pregnant Female

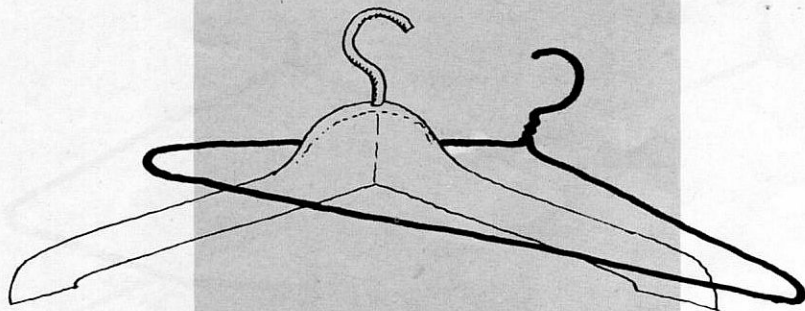


Normal
Reproductive Process

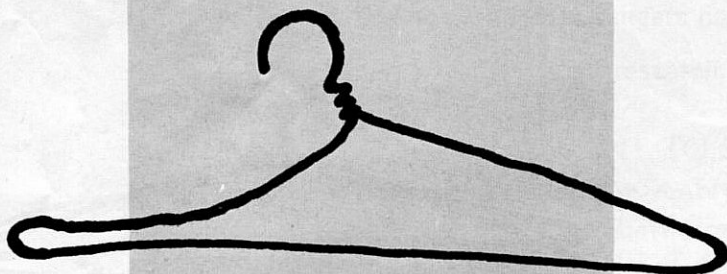


Breech Baby

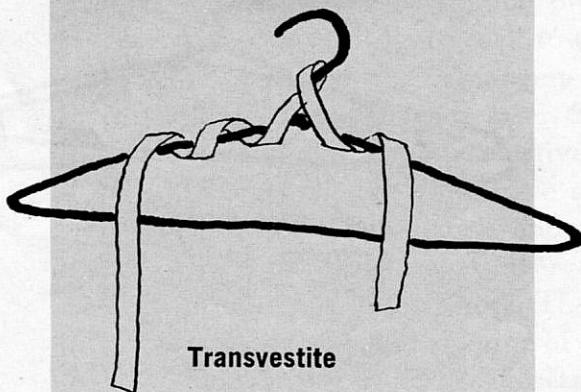
LOVE LIFE OF A COAT HANGER



Ambitious



Pooped



Transvestite

from a children's soap-bubble pipe-stem and No. 2 thread-heavy wire—focused through a closet keyhole, plus plenty of patience to get documented proof. In the end, sleepless nights and resultant loss of daylight income was rewarded with a body of notes and accurate sketches covering the entire reproduction process (in all its variations). That's the whole sheebang: The mating, the gestation, the ultimate birth of a baby hanger. By the way, baby hangers are born as big as their parents. Which is one thing which threw me off a long time.

Of course, there is still much to learn. For instance, I am still at a loss to tell the male hanger from the female hanger. It is occasionally cheerful to reflect on the fact that hangers probably can't tell humans apart yet, either. But such cheap consolation is not enough. The frontiers of knowledge are being rolled back in a hundred other virgin fields. Perhaps now that the way is paved, other fresher minds will shed some light on this particular puzzle. The Russians reported as far back as 1956 that they've developed a method of determining the male hanger from the female. However, we may discount this as just another empty Soviet boast.

It was early on the morning of December 4, 1962 that it happened.

I had been monitoring the closet keyhole in 407 for about eighteen weeks. As usual, this stint was being met with no success.

It was a pretty discouraging business. At the outset, I felt I had something important by the tail. Now, after an endless amount of keyhole hanger-watching, I wondered. I knew Edison and others had had discouraging moments, too.

After several hours, I got up from the floor and brushed the dust from my trousers. The only action I had seen involved the traipsings of a few carpet beetles and a stray cockroach.

I've had enough of this peeping rot, I thought.

Angrily, I jerked open the closet door. I was about to grasp all eight of the hangers inside. As a last touch to the frustrating hours of monitoring nothing, I was going to give it to them, but good.

Then I looked on the floor. There one lay. Counting it, there were nine.

Carefully, I noted the hour, and described in 1,000 words what had happened. I knew the moment I had finished counting what had occurred. I had seen hanger love a million times, but never a pregnancy and never a birth.

My pulling the door open with great swiftness at 2:54 a.m. had pro- (Cont. on p. 71)



CABANA IN MIAMI

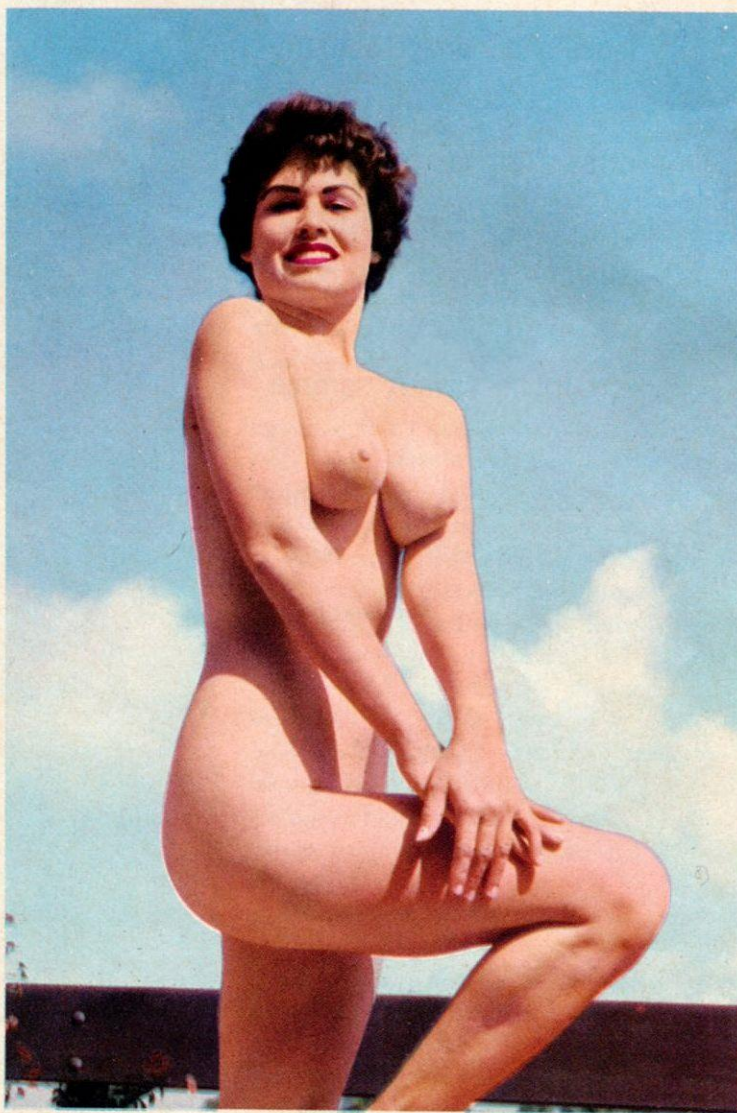
You won't find any jazzier-
looking cabanas than the
ones they've put up in
Miami — with all the mod-
ern trimmings. A sample
we came across was trimly

See next page





fitted out with eye-ful Chris Darling, who's as modern a maid as you'd ever meet. She's rigged her cabana with a hi-fi set and modern art — a 'Chris-tal' clear example of how to be hip while enjoying the outdoors.





are women ruining drinking —OR VICE VERSA?

BY CHARLES V. NEMO

Today's lover boys are finding it harder to make passes at long-stemmed lasses who sip from long-stem glasses.

IN THOSE DEAR DEAD DAYS beyond recall, only a generation or so ago, the corner saloon was man's "home away from home." It was a refuge from nagging wives and squalling brats, a fraternal club where a man could enjoy a few quiet drinks in the stimulating company of his peers, a forum where he could argue politics, sports, sex, religion or anything else as the spirit (or spirits) moved him, unhampered by the restraining presence and clacking tongue of women.

In fact it was about the last haven left for frustrated males in a world increasingly dominated by and catering to the so-called "weaker" sex.

Those days are gone forever, alas. Women have taken over the barroom. Some critics charge they've even ruined drinking. The corner saloon has become a "cocktail lounge"; every third or fourth stool at the average bar now is occupied by a female; peace and quiet and the warm glow of all-male camaraderie have fled; the clamor of the juke box and television "idiot box" drowns out serious discussion. In short, man has lost his home away from home. So now he does most of his tipping in his own house, or that of a friend. And, in the immortal words of Polly Adler, a house is not always a home.

Twenty years ago about 65 percent of all drinking was done in bars, according to the Licensed Beverages Industries. Today that figure has shrunk to about 27 percent. The rest—a whacking 73 percent—is done in private residences.

This is merely one of the symptoms of the revolution in our liquor habits which has swept America in recent years. Alcohol, once a predominantly masculine escape valve, has gone coeducational. While drinking by women has always been accepted on both the highest and lowest social levels, only in recent years has it become popular among middle class folk. Today in urban and suburban society, tipping by females not only is condoned, but expected. The beer can, martini glass and whiskey bottle have become, in the words of one authority, "popular symbols of sophisticated, adult conviviality." A neighborly visit or social get-together isn't complete without a few drinks.

Females in big cities like New York, Chicago and San Francisco belt down more booze than their sisters in small towns. But today women in even the smallest communities think nothing of drinking in public places where their mothers or grandmothers wouldn't—or couldn't—be seen.

And they start young, too. Girls often begin drinking beer, an occasional cocktail or highball while still in high school. A five-year study by the Yale Laboratory of Applied Psychology shows that about 65 percent of the college girls who imbibe began drinking before entering college, the average age being about 17.

Altogether between 75 and 80 million Americans — about three-quarters of all adults in this country — now indulge in alcoholic beverages. With an excess of three million women in our adult population, it is obvious that female imbibers now greatly outnumber the males. So it is not surprising that they have brought about a revolution in our drinking habits. A generation ago the man who asked for a mixed drink at the average bar was considered a "sissy." Two-fisted males downed



their whiskey (Scotch, rye, bourbon or a blend) "neat" or in highballs. Gin was popular because it packs more wallop than whiskey of equal strength, since it gets into your blood-stream faster and produces a higher blood-alcohol peak.

The extra-dry martini was one of the few cocktails approved by men. There is the classic tale of the gent who ordered six martinis lined up on the bar before him, dumped the first and last glasses into the bar sink. He explained: "The first one always makes me high, the last one gets me drunk!"

Women enjoy the effects of strong liquor, but dislike its taste. So a host of concoctions have been devised to disguise the alcohol and make it more palatable to the ladies. Good whiskey, gin and rum

have been diluted with such bubbly sweeteners as ginger ale, quinine water and even cola. Manhattans, old-fashioneds, whiskey sours, gimlets, orange blossoms, bloody marys originally were "women's drinks." Martinis were "watered down" from five or six-to-one to only three parts gin; today it is difficult, if not impossible, to get an "honest" dry martini at the average bar.

Cowed by aggressive females, men have obediently switched from straight to mixed drinks. Today the gent who drinks his whiskey, rum or gin "neat" not only is labelled an alcoholic, but is almost as rare and obsolete as the dinosaurs. One of the symptoms of this change is the emergence of the cocktail party as an American institution. Forced to submit to this barbarous group (Cont. on p. 68)

THE NAKED AND THE RED

(Continued from page 24)

necktie and paraded through the halls of the Kremlin—baroque, rococco, square—finally wending my footsore way to the lady Red. I would have liked to be alone with her, but I don't dig Russky and the language of Hip is strange to her, so there had to be an interpreter present.

First impressions of Nina—a fat cat with fat and feverish and fleshy femurs; a peasant turned Princess with stolid-shelled exterior not quite hiding the swinging sensuality of the farmer's daughter; an unclothed-conscious chick, makeup-less, brazenly girdle-less in the face of the sad-sagging evidence, decidedly Dior-less, a loyal Marxist-at-home version of any Frisco Beat Betty lolling blue-jeanily in her pad. Which is to say that Nina was no fashion-plate, but I liked her for her very lack of Grand Damery.

The interpreter looked like Akim Tamiroff in drag. Once the introductions were over I ignored him and got down to the business at hand, which, according to the State Department briefing I'd had, was to "promote cultural understanding between our two peoples." Well, American culture being what it is, I wasn't so sure it would be to our advantage to have the Russians understand it, but I did want to dig Mme. K, so I fished around the muscatel recesses of my brain for a question to put to her. The sight of her frankly scratching her left posterior prodded my tongue.

"Do you have an itch?" I asked.

The translator translated.

"Da," she said.

"Insect bite?"

"Nyet!" It was followed by a torrent of words ending in 'ski.'

The interpreter explained that Mme. K was offended at the implication that there might be bedbugs in the Kremlin. There had never been, there were not now, there never would be any bedbugs in the Kremlin.

I tried to explain that I hadn't necessarily meant bedbugs, just any kind of bug, but it was obvious that the difference was too fine for translation. I had bugged the lady and now she was hostile to me.

No matter. Most often one can dig a cat better by bugging them. Still, I tried to unsnarl the fur with my next question, one to which I really wanted an answer. "What does the Soviet philosophy offer the Hippie?" I asked.

There was a bit of dual-lingo ping-ponging with that one, but I finally got across to her what a Hippie was. Her face darkened and the answer was "Nyet!"

"How do Soviet women feel about sex?" I asked.

There was no objection to it, I was informed, providing it didn't interfere with work schedules.

Well, that wasn't what I had wanted to know. I tried again on a more personal level. How did Mme. Khrushchev herself feel about sex, I wanted to know?

It made one wonder what really gave with Nikita in the hay. Nina was too much all-woman to be left lying fallow like a wheat field during the Purge. One remembered Mr. Clean's visit to the States a few years back when he'd expressed righteous Red umbrage at the wriggling *derrieres* of a group of Can-Can dancers he'd been exposed to on a visit to a Hollywood studio. Never, as we used to say at Harvard, trust a Bolshevik whose sentiments are anti-buttock. Such opinions are not *really* part of the Party Line.

Anyway, it made one ponder. Was it just sublimation, as Nina seemed to imply? Was Nikita perhaps a trifle gay and disinclined to switch-hitting? Then another thought struck me. The old nudie-noggin was getting on in years. Maybe he was all out of jizzum, or whatever the Soviet equivalent was. I felt I'd established enough of a rapport with Nina to put it to her.

"Is Premier Khrushchev," I asked, "too old to make it with a woman any more?"

The question was translated, but Nina's face told me that it was a puzzlement. I fumbled for a more explicit, but delicate phraseology. "Is he impotent?" was the best I could do.

ONLY IN MOSCOW

(Continued from page 25)

for the great forthcoming struggle."

"New York cab drivers say the Chinese are the best tippers."

"They don't conserve their resources. Can you doubt that we will bury them?"

He reminded me of my Uncle Max who used to live in Williamsburg. Uncle Max was always growling and threatening until my Aunt Sarah thought it would drive her out of her mind. Finally she got him to go to a psychoanalyst, or, as the family referred to him, a "kopf-shrinker."

The first thing the analyst did was to tell my Uncle Max to loosen his collar and lie down on the couch. It worked miracles. Uncle Max never had to go back. He was a changed man. The milk of human kindness flowed from him like seltzer from a spritzer.

"Nyet! Nyet! Nyet!" came the answer from the translator who hadn't even put it to Nina. When, at my insistence, he did, the reply was the same, followed by a deluge of irate Slavic chatter.

Mme. Khrushchev, I was told, wished me to know that the interview was concluded. I protested that I had many more questions I wished to ask her.

The interview—very firmly—was over. I was please to leave immediately.

Well, I could be as stubborn as she was. I have a strong aversion to letting a lady—any lady, including one so obviously possessed of a passionately strong will as Nina—call the shots. I folded my arms and planted my feet firmly to show I had no intention of submitting to the whims of Russian over-feminization.

Fat, female fingers firmly pulled a bell-cord.

Four stalwart Communized Charles Atlases marched through the door.

One grasped one leg, one another. One twisted one arm in what seemed an anatomically impossible way, the fourth pretzeled up the other—which is to say the second—arm. I was propelled from the room like a rocket being ejected. Man, it was brutal. Like these heavies had the impression that one's limbs were detachable. Which they weren't.

One was pitched efficiently down the Kremlin halls—baroque, rococco, square—and out the heavy iron front door, feeling much pain, despite the swiftness of the journey. One picked oneself up from the sidewalk and licked—figuratively speaking—one's wounds. One had a feeling of having arrived at one's starting point.

How like—how very like—homecoming week in Provincetown! ●

I looked at Nikki. Yes, the flesh around his neck was bulging over his collar. He, too, suffered from this disease of collar-choler. I felt a great sympathy for this man who reminded me of my Uncle Max, and I hoped for an opportunity to help him in a diplomatic way.

The opportunity came when he was called to the telephone and I found myself alone with Nina. "Do you," I asked in a kindly manner, "buy Nikki's shirts?"

"Da." Nina's answer bore out my observation.

"Do you want to help him smooth out the Chinese situation?"

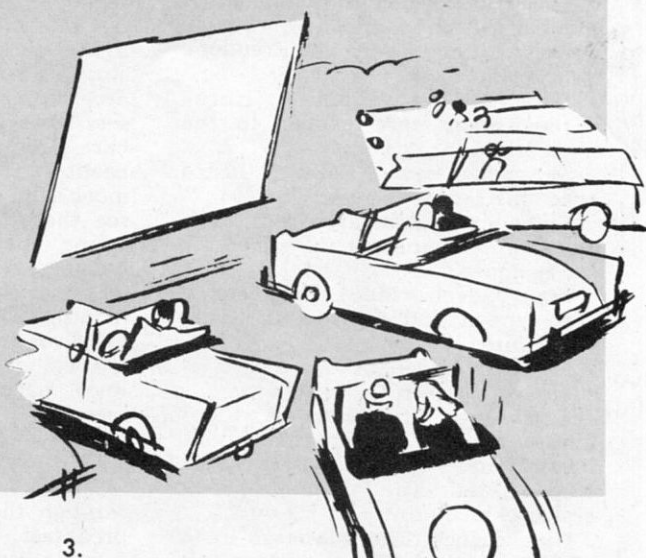
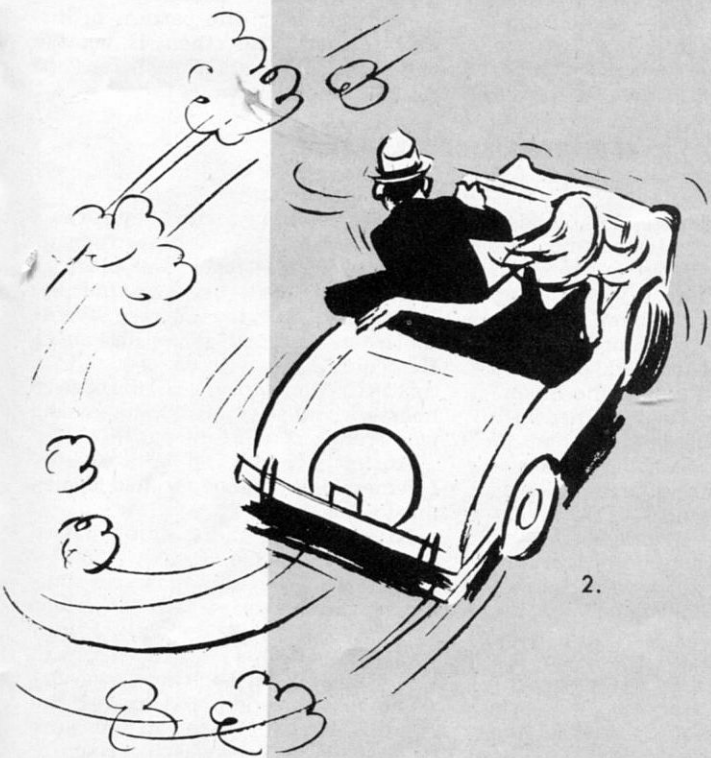
"Da."

"Buy his shirts one size larger."

She looked puzzled, but Nina is a simple woman and I read in her

(Continued on page 70)

Reel Romance



THE DAY KHRUSHCHEV GOT STONED

(Continued from page 25)

Eleven-seventeen. Premier Khrushchev murmurs "Long live Stalin." His eyes close and his head flops into the punch bowl.

Eleven-eighteen. The guests begin to leave.

Eleven-nineteen. The American ambassador is the last to leave. Eleven-thirty. Moise and another waiter help the Premier up to his room.

Eleven-thirty-four. Shaking off the waters, the Premier stumbles into his bedroom. Mme. Khrushchev awakens. "You're drunk," she says accusingly.

"Nyeti! Nyeti! S all jus' a lotta capitalists propaganda." Moise meets Sascha and Jascha back at the public lavatory on the west side of Moscow exactly three and two tenths miles from the Kremlin. "Mission accomplished!" he reports. "Twelve o'clock. The Premier emits a drunken snore through his left nostril.

Of such small, seemingly unimportant pieces is the pattern of history formed. This, then, is what it was like the day Khrushchev got stoned. And you were there!

KREMLIN PLACE

(Continued from page 24)

Now, watching them, they tore off their clothes and embraced again. Then he stepped back and placed a wreath of Poison Ivy around her left breast. She took a rose by the thorn and pinned it to his navel. He countered with a garland of thistles. "Constance," he murmured hoarsely and they fell to the ground in a frenzy of panting desire.

Abruptly, I stopped taking notes. I remembered. Someone had beaten me to this one.

After dinner, the evening passed pleasantly for me. I saw a row of parked cars, revealing postures similar to those I've already described in Peyton Place, and finally I went to bed. Reading myself to sleep with the *Kama Sutra*, I became aware of passionate whispers and low giggles coming from the room on the other side of mine. This was the room of Premier Khrushchev himself. I scurried out to the door and glued my eye to the keyhole.

Wow! Say what you want about his foreign policy, this boy's domestic policy was really something. The Russian Bear can still teach us a few tricks. The room was shadowy — his partner out-of-view of the keyhole — but just watching K, I knew I was seeing seduction with a capital S. Whoever the lady was, chambermaid, harlot, or mistress, she was certainly enjoying herself. Groans, sighs and tinkling little laughs told me that.

Helped put me to sleep. Hot-blooded French that I am, I always find that erotic thoughts will put me to sleep more quickly than, say, counting sheep—even sheared sheep.

I was awakened by a bloodcurdling female scream. I rushed out into the hall to investigate. In the moonlight, at the far end of the hall, stood a magnificent specimen of Siberian manhood wearing the trousers of a Kremlin guard. He was bare from the waist up and his beautiful muscles rippled in the moonlight. As I got closer I could see that he had trapped a buxom young chambermaid wearing only a transparent nightgown in a corner of the hall. His hand was over her mouth, his leg forcing its way brutally between hers. Her breasts heaved in the moonlight and the lower parts of her body writhed in terror.

So, here, in this peaceful setting, I found rape!

The next morning I strolled through the Kremlin grounds after breakfast. Coming around a hedge, I saw a man and a woman embracing. I stepped back in the shadows and watched them.

The woman was the wife of a Colonel and I had met them both at dinner the night before. Her husband was paralyzed as a result of war wounds and was confined to a wheelchair. The man with her, I could tell from his garb, was the Kremlin gamekeeper.

The first to leave is Sascha. Sascha is a Stalinist. Sascha is skinny. Sascha has a beard. Sascha's beard measures exactly four and seven-eighths inches from his chin to its outermost extremity.

The second to leave is Jascha. Jascha is an undercover Trotskyite. Jascha is fat. Jascha has a beard. Jascha's beard measures five and three-sixteenths inches.

The last to leave is Moise. Moise is a capitalist dupe. He likes jazz. He likes western movies. He likes Mickey the Mouse.

Three-twenty-seven. Moise wakes up. Jascha still sleeps. Sascha still sleeps. The Premier is having a late lunch. He is banging his shoe on the table because his three-minute eggs were boiled thirty-seven point two seconds too long.

Three-fifty-six. A volley of shots rings out across Red Square. The Kremlin cook has been executed.

Four-thirty-three. The plane carrying Premier Castro of Cuba lands at Moscow Airport. Premier Castro is ailsick and must be helped from the plane.

Four-fifty-one. Premier Castro upchucks out the window of the car taking him to the Kremlin. At the same moment, Moise is tying his left shoelace. Sascha and Jascha still sleep. The Premier is signing the order of execution for his nose doctor.

Seven-forty-four. The Premier pops a collar button.

Seven-thirty-seven. The Premier's valet is shot.

Seven-fifty-two. Mme. Khrushchev adds more pepper to the borscht.

Seven-fifty-seven. Premier Castro trims his beard.

Eight-ten. Moise arrives at work and begins laying out the silver for the banquet.

Eight-eleven. Moise detects a dirty spoon and reports it to the headwaiter.

Eight-seventeen. A dishwasher is shot.

Eight-thirty. The first guests begin to arrive. The Premier greets them. Waiters circulate among them with cocktails. The Premier has several cocktails.

Nine o'clock. The guests go in to dinner. Moise fills the Premier's water glass with vodka. Premier Castro, the guest of honor, is seated at the Premier's left. The American ambassador is seated at his right. Ten-fourteen. The dinner is over and the toasts have begun. Premier Khrushchev washes each toast down with gulps from his water glass a decanter containing hundred-proof

(Continued on page 70)

a C.O. steps out

C.O. doesn't stand for Commanding Officer—but for blonde, delectable Cori Olson, who has no difficulty commanding plenty of attention, especially as she steps out to enjoy beauty of her sunshine-flooded garden. She's a real C.O., all right—See, oh!

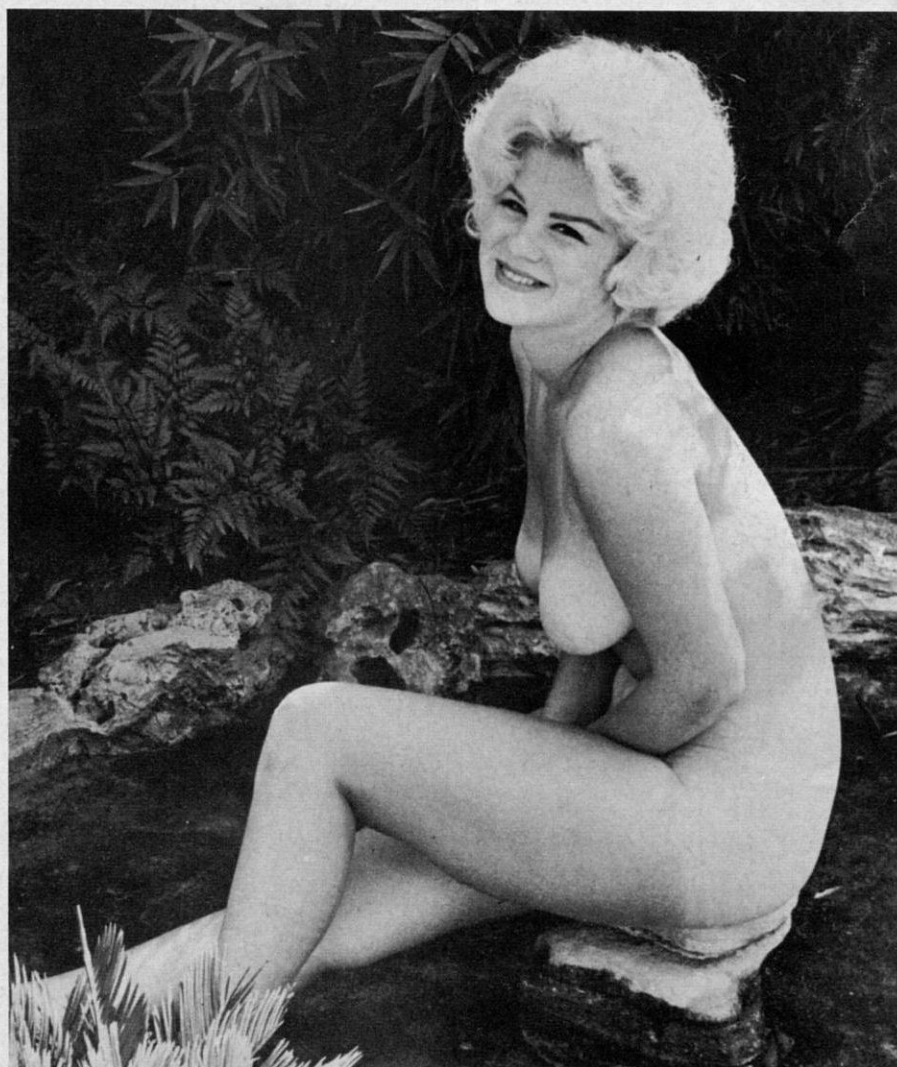






AN EYE FOR STYLE is something that Cori comes by naturally, and she has been putting this talent to excellent use while working as an interior decorator in Los Angeles. Around her own home, she has taken her designing skills outdoors where she has put together an eye-filling rock garden, surrounded by a tasteful arrangement of flowers and greenery.

What's more, Cori has come up with added bits of ingenuity by bringing indoor touches to her garden—like an oversized shag rug and a floral print taffeta spread. "It may seem daring," she said, "but it isn't. That's because all the colors are in harmony." For proof, see the photo on the opposite page. One could say it's a shaggy rug story that happens to be true.







NAKED IN MINK

FICTION

BY FRANCE E. HERRON

GEORGE was busy on the phone with Hank that day when Doll walked into the apartment. He was drinking rye with a beer chaser, smoking an awful lot of cigarettes and going over and over and over the racing form spread out on the coffee table before him.

He hadn't heard Doll first knock, then call his name, then unlock the door and come in. Angrily now, she stood behind him, her white sweater heaving like the restless swells of the sea. On her arm hung a mink coat. She took it in hand, and in silent fury, flung it at George. It hit his shoulder, and slid down on the couch beside him.

"If you're going to run up a phone bill," she said, "at least run it up calling an employment agency or two! And where did you get the liquor—out of the food money I gave you?"

George, meanwhile, had literally leaped from the couch, where the flying mink coat had spilled his drink all over his shirt front. He delivered a few explosive—and choice—curse words, but then calmed down and said to her, "I'm sorry, Doll—really sorry. But I didn't hear you come in, and—"

He then realized the receiver was

still off the phone, so he picked it up and mumbled into it, "I'll call you back later, Hank," and he hung up.

He then started pouring another drink, and he said, "Here, Doll, I'll fix you a quickie—"

But she was still angry, and she cut in with, "Is this the way it's going to be *forever*, George? Am I going to spend the rest of my life checking hats at Swinnerton's steak house while you sit here with a racing form in one hand and a bottle in the other trying to figure out ways to beat the world? Is that the way it's going to be, George?"

George started to object, whiningly, unable to think of any sort of sensible retort, giving her time to strike again with, "Another thing, George. That loan shark called Swinnerton's today and raised a big stink. He was shrieking at everybody until I got on the phone and calmed him down. He wants \$20.00 a week from you, regularly, until the money you owe him is paid off, and since he can't reach you, he figures to make things tough on me at Swinnerton's. Believe me, George, I can't run this apartment like a home and pay off Art Wells at the same time. I just don't have the money."

"I know it, Doll—honestly, I know all that, and I'm going to try my damnest to make things work out. Here, drink this. A good drink never hurt anybody."

She turned poutingly from the drink and he put it down and then he took her into his arms and pressed her heaving bosom up against his shirt front, still wet from the spilled whiskey. Then he kissed her and let his hands wander to those areas of her anatomy that made her forget all else and remember only what she was born to be—a panting, passionate woman, remarkably beautiful and remarkably well-tooled — and maddeningly in love with—for what it was worth—the man who now held her.

"I do love you, George," she breathed haltingly. "I love you so much."

"That goes in spades with me, Doll—honestly. Now come on over to the couch and we'll have a drink and talk things over, and then maybe we can... we can..."

George's words suddenly faded off into nothingness, because as he now led her to the couch, his eyes—for the first time—fell upon the object that had been flung at him, and that had knocked over (*Cont. on p. 66*)

A CLEARING IN THE WOODS



A hike in the open at a Louisiana state park opens new tree facts for Anita.

AS OF THIS WRITING, there are a greater number of state and national parks throughout the United States than ever before in history. What's more, the total is expected to grow substantially higher within the next few years, largely in response to the needs created by the population explosion since the end of World War II.

Among the byproducts you'll find are streamlined campsites, with modern cooking and plumbing facilities. In some instances you'll even have ready-built sleeping quarters (steam-heated, too), just in case you have a yen for taking the rough edges off roughing it up. But the great outdoors remain beautiful and wild.

Thus it isn't unusual to find more and more people becoming addicted to going on hiking and camping vacations. Take, for example, Anita Boldrey, who works in old New Orleans as a medical technician. It took just one visit to a state park to make outdoor life "in" with her.

Picking ferns for her New Orleans apartment gives lovely Anita a "fern" time.

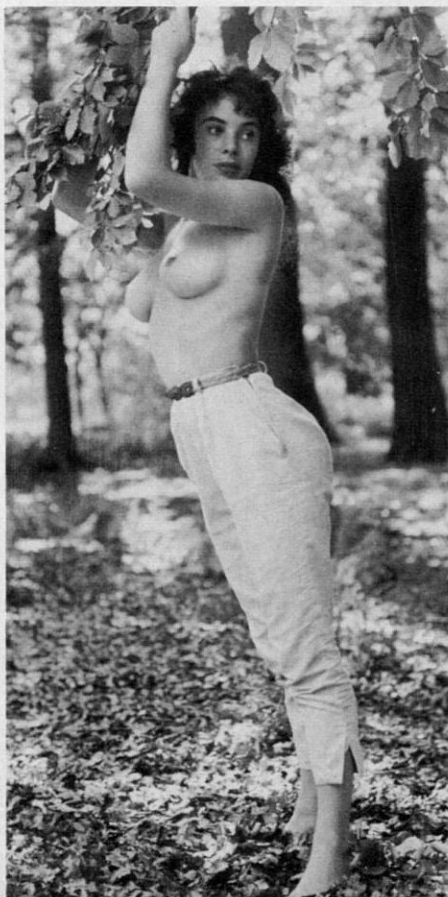


One trail leads to a stream, filled with striped bass. So naturally Anita decides to go "bassking" by it.

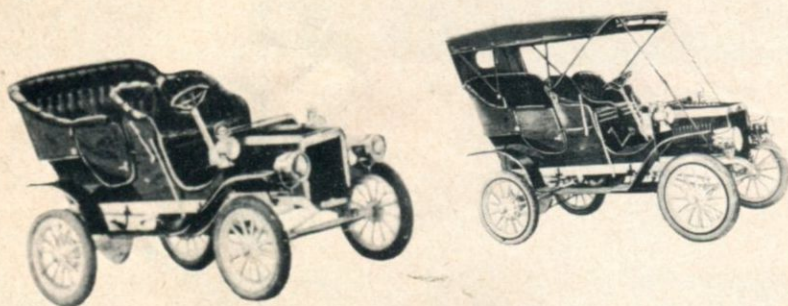
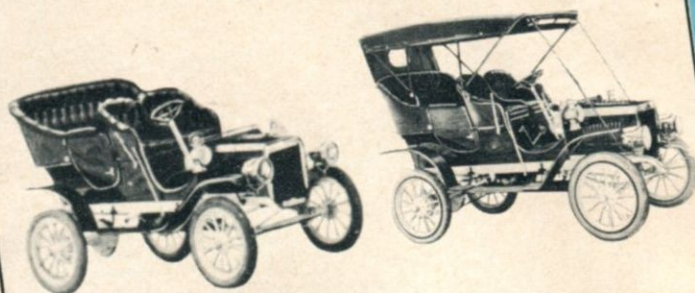
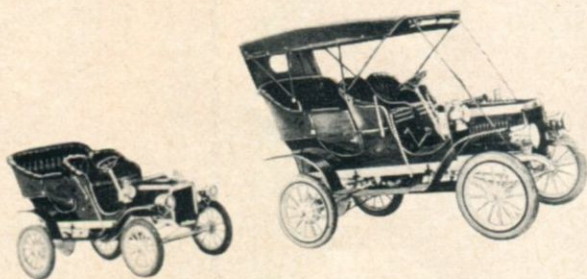


Just a week in the open, and this brunette beauty no longer shows strain from working over a microscope.

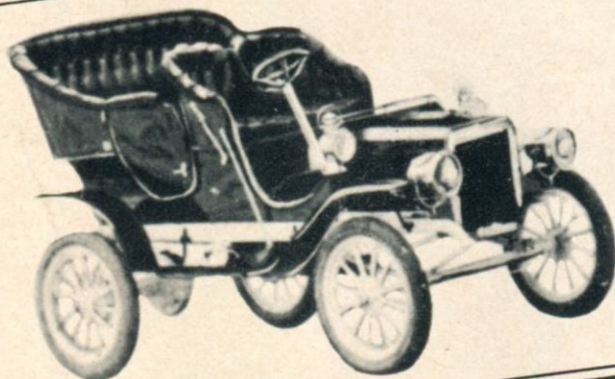
Anita readily agrees with Thoreau, who advised time in the woods for clearing up problems of city life.



DON'T BET ON IT



As you can see from
these photos we don't
make changes in our
car from year to year
—we don't have to.
Like Topsy it just
grows and grows, and
all the while, it
runs like a top.



THE MAMABILE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

(WITH A NOD TO VOLKSWAGEN)

**It's a fad with ads to attract attention. Yet,
the samples below should be read with caution.**

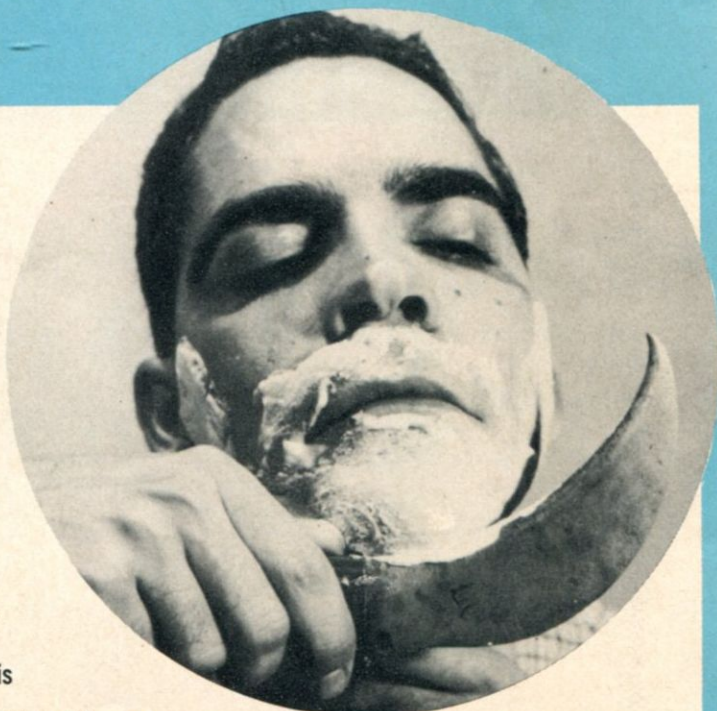


DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

Not even her hair dresser could tell
the difference. The texture feels so much like
straw — and looks like it, too. That's why our
tint has so much grass roots appeal.

WORLD SERIES LOSERS USE THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

Here's the great pitcher, Victor Kunkel, who
held the ball while the opposing team pulled a
triple steal to win last year's fall classic. Victor is
trying to decide whether to show up at spring training this year.



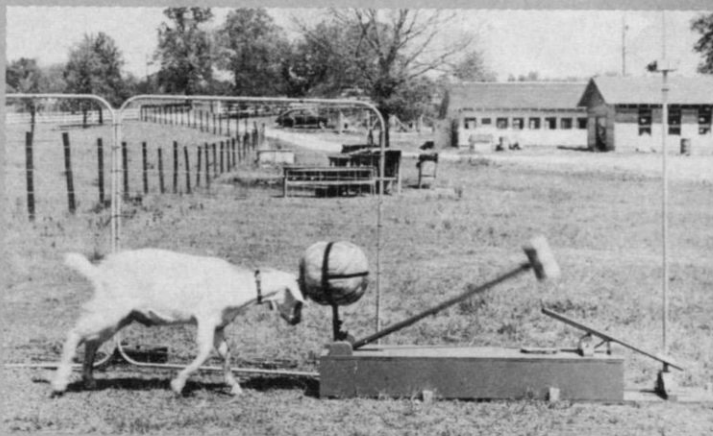


I
DREAMED
I WENT
TO THE

Beaux-Arts Ball
WITHOUT MY
Maidenform Bra

She's obviously a case
for the analyst, with so many
inhibitions to torment her
while she sleeps. Yet,
the answer's simple—creations
chic and appropriate
by Without My Maidenform Co.

Shown at right is a picture of
nervous tension that causes
headaches and upset stomach. For
quick relief disengage the hammer
and bang your head against
a No-Pain foam rubber pillow.



Do You Suffer from Headaches and Acid Indigestion?

ON THE MILTOWN

(Continued from page 9)

might rant and rave to find that they'd just been rolled and relieved of all their out-of-this-worldly possessions—but not the confirmed couch case. More civilized, he simply reaches for a miltown, gets a euphoric grip on himself and staggers to his toes.

I reached for my little vial of miltowns. They too were gone!

What dirty archetype would deprive a man of his only source of reality? I cursed bitterly, doubting my ability to rise above it. Hell, I couldn't even rise above the curb.

The rapid clicking of spike heels on the sidewalk next to my head was like a pneumatic drill, excavating my skull. It came closer and closer until it reached a crescendo of pain. Then it stopped.

"You all right, honey?" The voice was syrup falling on pancakes; it came from somewhere in the vastness of the sky directly above my head. Painfully, I raised the old scone and aimed the gaze up and up and—She was standing there, a blonde of memorable proportions, looking down at me. I couldn't see much of her face because the size 40 D-cups were in the way.

I spoke to the D-cups. "Go 'way let me die in my own inimitable way." I smiled gently as I pictured the coroner writing in on the Certificate: "Death resulted from trickling away." I could see each little atom of my life being carried down the gutter, into the sewer and out into the Hudson River and the Atlantic Ocean, finally to be lofted skyward to become a part of a newer, cleaner life. The tears came to my eyes at such a lovely thought.

"Look out!" I felt myself seized in a powerful grip and hoisted bodily from the gutter. A rapid taxicab passed over the spot where I had been One with Brahma.

"You saved," I informed the girl, "my life!"

"Shucks," she shrugged, practically blushing through her Max Factors, "it was nothing. Anybody would—"

"Damn you," I gritted. I told her that I had wanted to flow into the Atlantic—"No, not the magazine—the ocean, the ocean!"—and become part of a newer and cleaner life.

"You don't need the ocean for that," she smiled, her hand persuasive on my biceps. "Come along with me." Her perfume was persuasive, too; it smelled like hashish. Hesitating, I took a better look.

She was tall, dressed in typical Village evening wear—long black leotards and short beige skirt—and, as heretofore noted, blonde and built. The face must have been

beautiful beneath its coating of white makeup and chartreuse lipstick, but that possibility was unimportant to me then.

"I'll go with you," I said, "if you'll lend me a miltown."

"Later—first, let's get a cup of coffee." I was too weak to resist as she virtually dragged me into an espresso joint a few feet distant. The coffee she ordered for me tasted like something out of the Mississippi Delta but, miraculously, it cleared my brain. Now it was all too clear—this chick was the motherly type. A red hot mama. Oh, well, how she got her kicks was her own business. I feigned interest only because of that forthcoming miltown.

After watching me come down to earth on the wings of the espresso, the girl called the waitress. The latter waggled over to our table; she looked down at me with a look of distaste mixed with pity. "Another one, Jill?"

My companion nodded. "Best prospect so far. He'll have some soft scrambled and bacon."

After the eggs I felt better. Less rotten, I mean. Nevertheless I still wanted that pill. I said so.

"Okay, let's go. I guess you're ready." She led the way out after paying the check. I followed her up the street and up street after street until it seemed we should be up in Harlem. Only when she stopped in front of a low red building we were still on 8th Street. Time and distance mean little when you've lived on alcohol, coffee, pot and guitar music for two weeks.

Her apartment was one of these vaguely familiar cavities that you've seen if you've entered any Bohemian brownstones south of the Bronx. Without a word I sought and found the couch and flung myself onto it, and in that yawning gulf 'tween waking and sleeping I remember wondering what this kid was up to. Was she out to roll me? No. That had been only too thoroughly done already. Was she a social worker in mufti, striving for my salvation? No. She looked like she might be a case history herself. . . .

...I awoke—God knows how much later—to find myself lying in essentially the same position on the couch, but with one fundamental difference. I was clad only in my shorts. Across the room, the girl—what was her name? Jill—sat in an armchair. She was reading a book. More noticeably, she was clad only in her panties and bra. Calmly, she was waiting for me to awake, so that she could work her devilish will upon me! For now I knew what

she was. The waitress at the coffee house with her question, "Another one?" had followed Jill's eagerness to get me off the street and into her clutches. She had fed me to sustain my strength. Now I was at her mercy.

Yes, Jill was a nymph—one of those man-hungry carnivores who never can end a search for which there is no ending, never may satisfy a craving that is insatiable, and never know happiness.

"Awake so soon?" She turned languidly in her chair and watched me through heavy-lidded eyes, like a mongoose watching a cobra—or was it vice versa? Slowly, as I watched, fascinated by her lithe movements, she rose from the chair and eddied toward me.

She spoke as she came, her gaze never leaving mine. "Honey, you've had it rough all your life. I dug you the minute I laid eyes on you at a party three weeks ago. No, you were too stoned to know I was there; I came in late. A mutual friend confirmed what I'd guessed about you. From adolescence on, you've dodged your responsibilities by running to a skull-manipulator or swallowing a pill—and ruining what's really a strong basic personality. You've got a good foundation there—and you've built a straw outhouse on it. Sure, I know your trouble is women—and I won't go into the clichés about that."

"Every time a gal would come near you, you froze, then ran. Well, sweetie—" Jill had reached my chair by now; she stood over me, bent forward slightly, so that her classic bosom hovered mere inches from my eye level, "—now you don't have your analyst handy, you haven't a miltown—and the door's locked."

She continued speaking as she removed her bra before my fascinated eyes. "I've been on your trail for the last ten hours; lost it when you went into that hashish joint and got yourself rolled. It's the last time you'll ever do anything like that again, I promise!"

Closer, closer she came, and now, even as I wondered at the incredibility of it all, my mind became a confused whirligig of conflicting thoughts and desires. I seem to recall, in those first few minutes, reaching out tentatively and touching her, and that it was like touching no flesh that I remembered, and that the smell of her was unlike the smell of any living creature known to me and that it acted like pot upon my senses. . . . And I remember—I think I remember—the very instant our bodies met, or maybe there was a thunderstorm outside. . . . But I know for sure that, somewhere along the way, whether it was a moment or an hour later, I was sud-

(Continued on page 62)



PUTTING THE *CULT* INTO CULTURE

Content with just the trappings of
learning and appreciation,
instead of the real thing, more
Americans are becoming
trapped into wasting their time.

BY PETER BELLAIRE

"OUR SIX-YEAR-OLD SON can paint better than that," the man said in the art gallery, and his wife answered, "Please, Henry, someone will hear you." They were standing in front of a large, square painting. "It's *solid blue*," the man said. "It doesn't mean *anything*." "Don't be an idiot," his wife said, and she pointed to an explanation of the painting in the exhibition catalog: "A monochrome suggesting the void."

When I went to school "monochrome" meant a single color. "Void" meant "nothing." The man and the catalog were both correct: the painting was a single color which didn't mean a thing.

Recently, under the headline "Cultural Boom Noted in the U.S.," the *New York Times* reported that "The United States is in the midst of a 'culture explosion' that very nearly blows the rug out from under those who picture Americans as ugly, status-seeking vulgarians...."

It is true that we are having a culture explosion, and it is easy to find figures to prove it—museum attendance, the number



of art galleries (hundreds in New York City alone), the attention given in national publications to art, music and books. But if the explosion doesn't prove that Americans aren't vulgarians (which most of them never were), it does mean that a lot of Americans are being fooled by a lot of hanky-panky.

Much of what is being acclaimed by Americans is, like the painting mentioned in the first paragraph, *nothing*. (The solid blue painting is one of dozens of identical works sold at high prices by a Frenchman named Yves Klein.) Barnett Newman, one of the most famous modern Americans, does huge paintings which are of solid colors except for an occasional vertical line. His aim, he says, is "to create a sublime art free from the impediments of memory, associations, nostalgia, legend, myth, or what have you." In other words, nothing. Georges Mathieu, who makes quick squiggles by squeezing paint on to the canvas directly from the tube, says, "When I paint, my mind must be a
(Cont. on p. 72)

Premiere Danseuse



9:02: Arrival time. Already 20 minutes late, due to an elegant dinner at famous Maxim's.

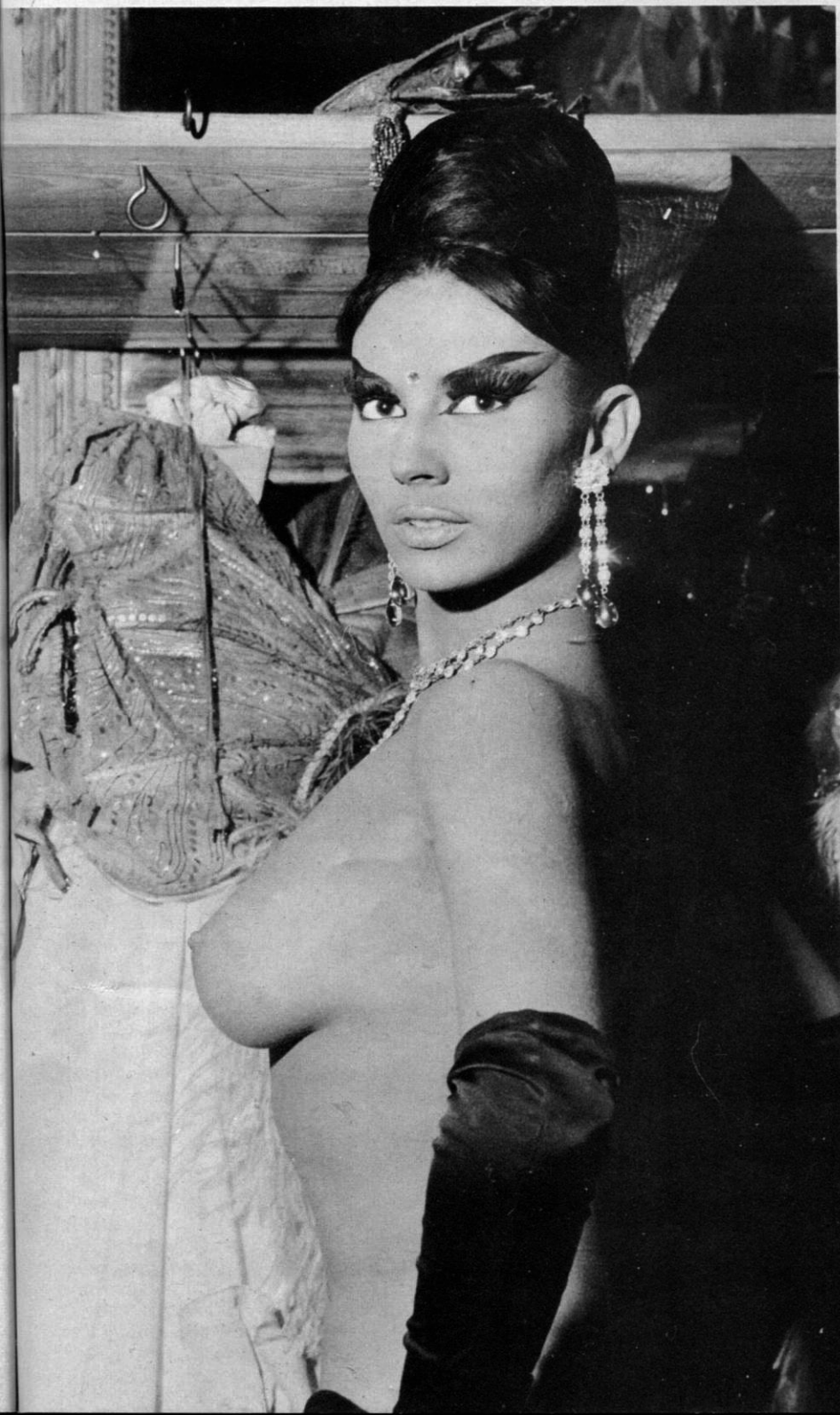


9:04: With so few minutes to waste, Jacqueline begins her makeup, while the wardrobe mistress makes an emergency repair on costume.

For Jacqueline Douguet, who's the current Toast of Paris, preparing for each dazzling performance requires footwork that's as nimble offstage as it is on.

WITHOUT A DOUBT, the most exciting new dancing personality to hit Paris in many a moon is Jacqueline Douguet, who has been the main reason behind the **Le Plaisirs** night club's land-office business. Born in Dunkirk, just after the war broke out, Jacqueline was taken to England during the famous evacuation. She rejoined her family in Paris, following V-E Day, and was enrolled in a ballet school. After progressing steadily over the years, this black-haired, violet-eyed siren has finally reached the pinnacle of acclaim.

Still unmarried, Jacqueline is naturally quite sought after by Paris' most eligible bachelors. As a result, her frequent dinner dates sometimes cause trying to make her first show on time to resemble walking a tightrope.



9:15: Onstage, the Toast of Paris delivers another crisp performance.

See next page

9:49: After first show Jacqueline's face still reveals tensivity of artistic effort.

1:06: At the finish of the last of three nightly performances, Jacqueline is free again to remove her stage makeup.



1:11: Limbering-up exercises before getting dressed keep her legs from stiffening.



1:29: En route home, she's tired but happy. It's wonderful being a queen in Gay Paree.

DREAM GIRLS CAN BE NIGHTMARES

(Continued from page 28)

from an overdose of sleeping-pills. Though no one can positively state that it was suicide, most observers seem to think so. And even if it was not, most psychiatrists agree that dependence on sleeping pills is a strong indication of self-destructive behavior. Furthermore, it was her addiction to sleeping pills that caused Marilyn to enter Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center back in 1961.

Liz Taylor is one of the best examples of the current crop of dream girls. Her treatment of Eddie Fisher was typical of the tribe. She wanted him, took him away from a woman who was her friend, then discarded him for another man.

The guys who get themselves involved with high-school or college dream girls suffer every bit as much as the men who get mixed up with the more celebrated variety. Chances are that she took him away from a nice, sweet little girl who never played him dirty in her life. And chances are that he knows all the time that he is due to be bounced

by this "vision" as soon as the next man who suits her fancy comes along. Yet he can't help himself.

Graves, in describing the love of a poet for his many-titled goddess, says, "For him there is no other woman but Cerridwen and he desires one thing above all else in the world—her love. As Blodeuwedd, she will gladly give him her love, but at only one price—his life. She will exact payment punctually and bloodily... And however bitterly and grossly the poet may rail against her in the hour of his humiliation... he has been party to his own betrayal and has no just cause for complaint."

Thus if a man is poet enough to appreciate the experience of making it with a dream girl and is willing to accept his ultimate reward of watching another man take her away from him, let him go ahead.

However as Bardot once said, "All men are fools. Each thinks he can change me, while others have failed. Each wants me—not as I am, but in their own image."

VENUS IN FURS—EVEN FREUD BLUSHED

(Continued from page 20)

and perfume her body, clothe her in the fur-trimmed lingerie he had himself devised for such occasions and bid her farewell at the door with these words: "How I envy him!"

It was on this self-inflicted jealousy that Sacher-Masoch thrived, but the result was that Laura's love for him turned to disgust and hate. Finally she left him. He divorced her and married Hulda Meister, his secretary, with whom, from all accounts, he lived a normal married life. He died on March 9, 1895 in Lindheim, Germany.

Venus in Furs is a romanticized version of his marriage to Laura Rümelin. Exaggerated as it is, the fact that it is autobiographical in spirit and in many of the incidents described is vouched for by Sacher-Masoch himself, as well as by Laura, who wrote her *Confessions* after his death under the name of Wanda von Dunajew. This *nom de plume* is also the name of the heroine in *Venus in Furs*.

The book is the story of a man who voluntarily becomes the slave of a beautiful young widow. They sign a contract wherein he agrees to obey her every whim completely, even if it should mean his own death. In return, she agrees to beat him with a whip regularly and to wear furs, or fur-trimmed garments while flagellating him. At first, the woman looks upon the whole thing as a game. She loves the man and is

only humoring him. But, slowly, as in Sacher-Masoch's real-life marriage, her love turns to contempt. She goes far beyond the hero's dreams in torturing him—both physically and mentally. She proceeds from beating him to starving him to imprisoning him in a dungeon for a month. Finally, she makes him the instrument for arranging her love affairs, and the novel culminates when she ties him to a bedpost and, lying half-naked in her furs, jeers and laughs at him while her lover beats him unmercifully with a whip.

Her laughter is the real torture, not the whipping itself. And the pleasure the protagonist takes in this mental torture is the main thing that led Krafft-Ebbing to use the name of Sacher-Masoch as a label for the syndrome of "masochism." That is why the word today, as used by modern psychologists, encompasses all forms of self-inflicted, or self-devised tortures and punishments, whether they be physical, or mental.

But it is in the relationship between the sexes that a man is most likely to discover that we all have a touch of Sacher-Masoch within us. "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" is the way the song put the question with which so many lovers torture themselves. To many a man, no female is so attractive as the one who keeps him on a string, who teases him, who kisses him one moment

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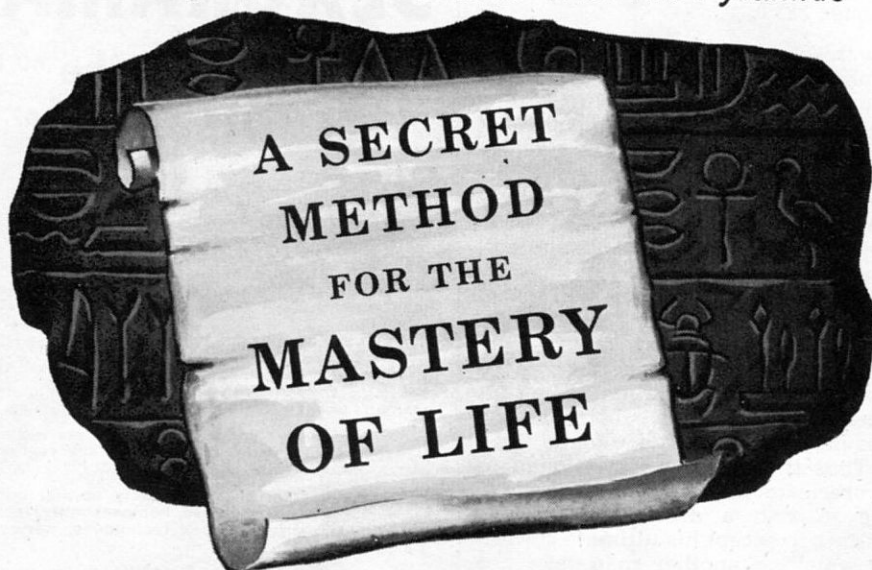
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and is indifferent the next. Such a man might never admit it, but he is echoing Sacher-Masoch in "Venus in Furs," who said: "It is possible to love really only that which stands above us, a woman, who through her beauty, temperament, intelligence, and strength of will subjugates us and becomes a despot over us."

Today's lover may not want to be tortured or flogged, but he still finds a touch of pleasure in the more refined punishments inflicted upon him by the object of his love. Speaking only metaphorically, he still dances to the tune of Tom Lehrer's "Masochism Tango," which harks back to the aberrations of Sacher-Masoch and the roots of modern man's desire for flagellation in his sex-life with these words:

"I ache for the touch for your lips,
dear,

"But much more for the touch of
your whips, dear.

"You can raise welts

"Like nobody else,

"As we dance to the masochism
tango."

ON THE MILTOWN

(Continued from page 55)

denly aware of what I wanted and where it was and how to get it and what it was all about.

Cliche Number One: *I Became a Man*. Cliche Number Two: *I Fell in Love*. And how the devil would you put it?

Somehow, Jill had done it all. Within those few minutes or that hour or however long it was, the strange, desperate expression that had distorted her face (I remembered that expression later on) at first was changed to one of genuine passion and soul-deep ecstasy. At that time I understood none of this, nor did I try to.

Anyway, it was dawn when we finally slept. I awoke at noon to a strange sense of loneliness, of near-desolation. My clothes were draped neatly over a chair and on them was pinned an envelope. On the envelope was written: "Open this after you leave, please."

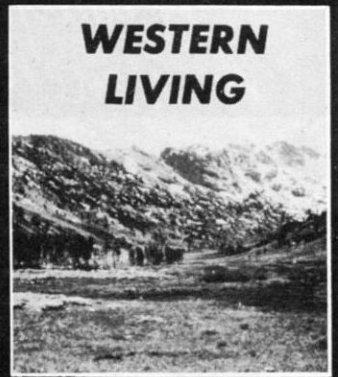
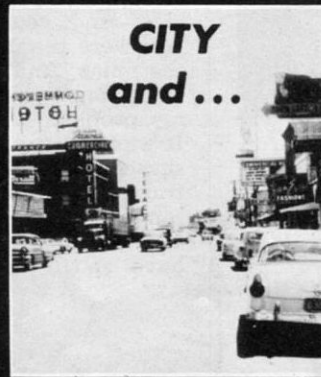
So she hadn't deserted me. Or had she? I dressed quickly and left the apartment, my feelings strained between fear of Jill's possible defection and joy at the Great Thought: "Today I am a man!"

In the nearest phone booth, I feverishly opened the envelope. The note was written carefully in a large healthy hand: "I couldn't tell you this in person, since I'm really kind of shy—believe it or not! But, as it happens, while curing your problem, I actually cured my own, and it makes me doubly happy. I don't know what you think of me for taking such desperate measures and trifling with your own well-being,

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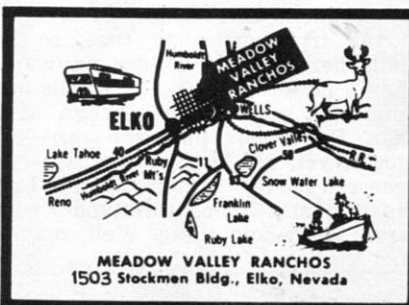
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but—well, you were far from the first, as you probably guessed. However—and you must believe me—you were the first who was there at the finish. And that finish became a beginning—for me, at least. As for my problem, this will surprise you: It was just the opposite of what you suspected! No nymph, I—on the contrary, my problem was exactly the same as yours. Yes, we were latent, but who knows where we would have ended up had we not met?

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

(Continued from page 33)

like that, ya old coot an' I'll letcha have it."

"Jealous? Of you and your gigolo? Don't be ridiculous, Eleanor!"

"I'm glad to know you, Lucy . . . My, listen to them go at each other."

"Hey," I yell. "I did it! Yer untangled. Ya can take off now an' unsnarl this jam."

But it's too late. The Yellow's gone an' hauled off an' slugged the Checker an' now the two of 'em are throwin' punches at each other all over the middle-a the street. Before I can break it up, a cop comes along.

"What's goin' on here?" he asks. "This old bastardo sideswiped me," says the Yellow.

"An' then he takes a poke at me," says the Checker.

"An' then he swings on me," says the Yellow.

"Ask him," says the Checker, an' he points at me. "He saw the whole thing."

"Yeah, ask him," says the Yellow. "He saw it."

"Well?" says the cop to me. "I seen it," I tell him. "I seen everything. They was both wrong. It was both their faults."

Well, the cop takes down my name and address as a witness an' the names and addresses of the passengers also. Then he lets the drivers go. The Sugar Daddy gets back in the Checker an' his wife gets back in the Yellow an' they take off. I get back in my cab an' I'm about to go when I get a hail from the curb. It's the Boy Scout an' the redhead.

"Where to?" I ask 'em. "Around the park once," says the Boy Scout, "while we make up our minds."

When I pull up back at Columbus Circle, I know this for sure. He bends over an' whispers to me kinda low, so the chick can't hear—although it's obvious she hasta be in on the pitch. "Driver," he whispers, "you know a hotel we can go where they won't ask too many questions, or bother us about luggage?"

Do I know a hotel? I know a hundred! Fact is, I don't know one where they do ask for luggage. The way things is, bellhops is goin' outa style. So I tell him the *Hotel Voila*,

Now, if it's all over between us, well, all right; anyway—the next move is yours."

I thought it over for a long time. Maybe like thirty seconds. Jill had saved my life, that was for sure. And, according to her, I'd saved hers, kind of. That meant we owed one another a lot—ourselves, to be precise! I dashed from the booth and headed back toward Jill's apartment. I knew she would be waiting there for me.

an' he says I should take 'em there.

I drop 'em off an' I push my load down Ninth Avenue an' by the end of the night, I forget the whole incident. It's all inna day's work when ya hack New York, so I got no cause to think about it.

That's what I think! But how wrong can a guy be? How was I supposed to guess that because-a this whole *magilla*, I was gonna change my whole lifetime career? That's right! Because-a it, I'm not a hackie any more. What am I? I'll tell ya. I'm a witness, that's what. I'm a professional witness!

The first thing that happens, I'm called down to testify when the Yellow Cab Company sues the Checker Cab Company for damages. Then I gotta testify when the Checker Cab Company sues the Yellow Cab Company for damages.

Next, the Checker driver has the Yellow driver arrested for assault and bat'ry. Then the Yellow driver sues the Checker driver for false arrest. Both these guys call me for their witness.

I figure that's it, but no soap. The Sugar Daddy's wife sues the redhead for alienation of affections an' I'm her eyewitness. Then the Sugar Daddy himself sues his wife for divorce, an' I'm the witness that saw her with another guy. Likewise, when she files what they call a cross-suit—I'm her witness.

When they finally get divorced, I figure that's the end of my courtroom career an' I can go back to pushin' a hack again. But I'm wrong. Boy, am I wrong!

It seems that the night the Boy Scout takes the redhead to the *Hotel Voila*, he forgets the troops motto. The result is the redhead discovers a few weeks later that she's slightly pregnant. But the Boy Scout ain't loyal, trustworthy, or true, so he tells her to stow it—an' anyways, how's he know it's his? He tells her she can't even prove he slept with her. But she thinks she can—in court, yet, an' by usin' me as—ya guessed it—her witness. So here I go again, just a innocent bystander who seen the whole thing. Well, maybe not the whole thing!



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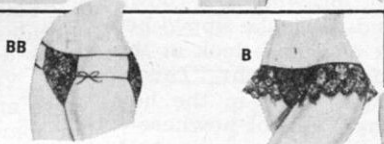


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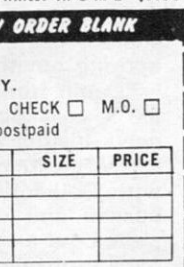
M—COQUETTE
Lush, sheer ny-
lon with elas-
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NAKED IN MINK

(Continued from page 49)

his drink. George gaped incredulously at the mink coat. He picked it up, ran his hands over and through the glossiness, and asked, "Where in hell did you ever get this?"

"Here. First read this—then I'll explain."

George, as if in a stupor, stared at the writing on the paper, then, slowly, read it aloud: "Wear nothing but this mink coat to 32-B—and it's yours..."

Astonishment spread over his face.

"Just what in the hell is all this?"

"I told you I'd explain everything, George," she said. "You see, this man came into Swinnerton's early this evening. He had this mink coat folded over his arm, and he checked it with me at the hat-check booth. He winked at me and said something fresh—you know those characters."

"Get to it, Doll—get to it! What about that note?"

"Well, this guy must've been Mr. Swinnerton's friend because they both sat at the bar together, but he kept turning and looking at me and smiling and winking at me, then he'd mutter something to Swinnerton, and they'd both laugh, then he'd turn and look at me again and wink at me—"

"Okay—okay! But the coat! What about the mink coat?"

"Anyway, he left after about an hour, and when I handed him the mink coat with his check-slip he wouldn't accept it. He pushed it aside, gave me the wink and smile business again, and pressed this note into my hand. He told me he lived at the Towers Apartment—then he left. That's all."

"So that's all?" roared George. "That's all!"

He turned from her, slapping his hand to his forehead.

"What the hell else *could've* gone on?" he continued. "Just what did you expect—a mattress job right then and there?"

"As a matter of fact," Doll began, with hesitancy, "he *did* say one other thing."

George whirled.

"Yeah? And what was that?"

"He said I *could* wear shoes, of course—but other than that... *nothing* but the mink."

"Damn him! I ought to take that mink coat over and stuff it right down his big yap. Better yet..."

George stomped into the bedroom, with Doll following. He went to the bureau and opened a drawer and pulled out a revolver.

"No, no, George. Not that! Don't start any trouble!"

"But the *nerve* of that character," George snarled. "His damned *nerve*, thinking he can pitch a mink coat at my gal and get some fast action!

Send it back, Doll! Understand? *Send it back!*"

"Of course I will," she said, relieved now. And then added, indignantly, "You didn't think I'd really *wear* it over there, did you?"

George poured his glass to the halfway mark with whiskey, slugged it down, and pointed a finger at Doll.

"You'd damn well better *not* wear it—not even around here! That coat's probably worth at least five grand—maybe up to as much as *ten*—but I don't give a damn! Just ship it back to Mr. Character in the morning mail, and tell that flat-head to mind his own business and to scare up his own dames or he's going to find himself in one helluva mess. Have you got that straight, Doll—and I mean *straight*?"

With the shouting gone out of his system, George now poured them both a fresh drink, and he sat down on the couch, drawing her down beside him, and while she sipped her drink he took one more look at the mink coat, and he thought, "This is certainly a twist. How in the hell do you like that? Out of nowhere—out of absolutely nowhere—comes a mink coat!"

Doll had put down her drink and she wrapped her arms around George's neck, and she lay back and pulled him down toward her—atop her—and she glued her mouth to his, and he let his hands go wandering again to those areas of her anatomy that made her respond thrillingly, pantingly, and then she freed her mouth from his and she said, "I'm glad you got angry, George. Oh, I'm so glad! I like for you to get angry when other men make a play for me. It shows that you care, George..."

"I sure do care, Doll," he breathed. "And it makes a guy mad as hell when he runs into jerks like the character and his mink. Besides, what's he got on the ball that I haven't? What'd he do, discover uranium, or something? Where does he get off giving mink coats to dames?"

"You don't have to give away mink coats to get action, George. You can get all the action you want—just as you are."

George sat up now and ran his hand through his rumped hair.

"Yeah," he said, "but remember—I'm the one who's broke. I'm the one who owes Art Wells better than a hundred and a half—and I'm the guy who can't afford to take you out of that lousy hat-checking job and give you a decent break, and give you nice things and maybe even... *marry* you..."

She sat upright beside him, her eyes wide.

"You *would*, wouldn't you, George? You would marry me if you had money and could afford it, wouldn't you? Tell me you would, George. I like hearing it."

"Sure, Doll," he said, standing. "I really would. And I'll get the money—somehow. But I don't need any damn mink coat. I'll hit it lucky—you wait and see. Hank and I are about due for one, Doll. It's got to come."

"Oh," she said, dejectedly. "The horses again..."

"Well, maybe not the horses," he said, tweaking her cheek. "Maybe I can do it another way—the hard way. We'll see."

She stood up and kissed him.

"Oh, how I love you, George. How I love you!"

"That's my Doll."

George then kissed her, finished off his drink, and put on his jacket.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Over to Hank's. I forgot to tell you. The Yanks are playing tonight. Would you like to come along?"

"You know I can't stand baseball. Besides, I think Hank is an awful bore when he gets a few beers in him. You go ahead, darling. I'll stay here and catch up on some reading or some sleep."

Just as George started out the door, she caught his hand, and she looked up into his eyes with an expression he seldom—if ever—saw on her face.

"You meant all that, didn't you, George—you know, about marrying me and everything if we only had the money?"

"You can bet your boots I meant it, Doll—and don't worry, I'll get straightened away—some day. I'd better run now. Game time's in half an hour."

She kissed him, then closed the door after him, and stood alone in the apartment staring at the mink coat. Then she went over and picked it up and stroked it, and then she walked to the bedroom...

George did not come in until nearly 4 a.m. She was awake and in bed when he entered, and the bedroom light was on and the mink coat was draped over the foot of the bed. She sat up and smiled at George and held her arms out for him to come to her and be pressed tightly against the bareness of her.

"It's damned late, Doll," he said. "Have you been reading? Or did you just wake up?"

She laughed.

"No, darling—I just got in."

"Huh? Just got in? Where in the hell have you been?"

"I'm so delightfully happy, George," she said, "so delightfully happy."

"And besides that," he said wryly, "you're drunk, Doll. I can always tell when you've had too much. You've been sitting up drinking."

"Nope," she giggled. "I was out, Georgie Porgie. I was out since right after you left."

He stared at her, puzzled. She stuck a bare, slim foot out from under the cover and hooked the mink coat with her toe.

"It's ours, Georgie Porgie. The minkie is all ours."

"Look, Doll, get some sleep. I'm tired."

She got out of bed and held the mink coat up to a mirror, then draped it around her and posed like a fashion ad.

"It looks good on me, Georgie. That's what the man said."

"What man?"

"The man at the Towers Apartment — 32-B. I wore it there, Georgie, just like the man said. Nothing on but the coat—and my shoes. We had a few drinks—champagne it was—and . . ."

George's open hand lashed out, catching her on the cheek.

"Yeah, and you got mattressed," he snarled. "That's what—you got mattressed!"

"But the coat is ours now, George," she said, more soberly. "It's ours! We can hock it, George! Look at all the money we can get!"

"You're a slut," he shouted. "Nothing but a damned slut!"

She recoiled.

"But I did it for us, George! I wore the coat for you and me! We can pay off Art Wells! I can quit Swinnerton's now! We can do lots of things . . . maybe even get married. That's what you wanted, isn't it, George?"

"Get back in bed," he snapped. "We'll settle this tomorrow."

He went out and slammed the bedroom door, and then he poured himself a tall, tall rye, and sat down and smiled and picked up the phone and dialed a number.

A voice at the other end said, "Hello."

"It worked, Hank," George said. "It worked like a charm, pal. She doesn't have the slightest idea that I played the hearts and flowers bit strictly as an act, then walked out and left the coast clear so she'd be on her own. She took the mattress job. We've got the coat. Line those ponies up, man, here we come, at full gallop."

Hank was now talking on the other end of the line as George raised his glass to offer a toast to the ponies when he saw her. She had come out of the bedroom and she stood there in the doorway, wearing nothing but the revolver.

For a brief moment the revolver was fully loaded, and then suddenly, with one helluva noise, it was empty.

George never did finish his rye.

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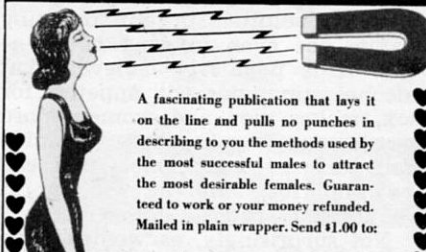
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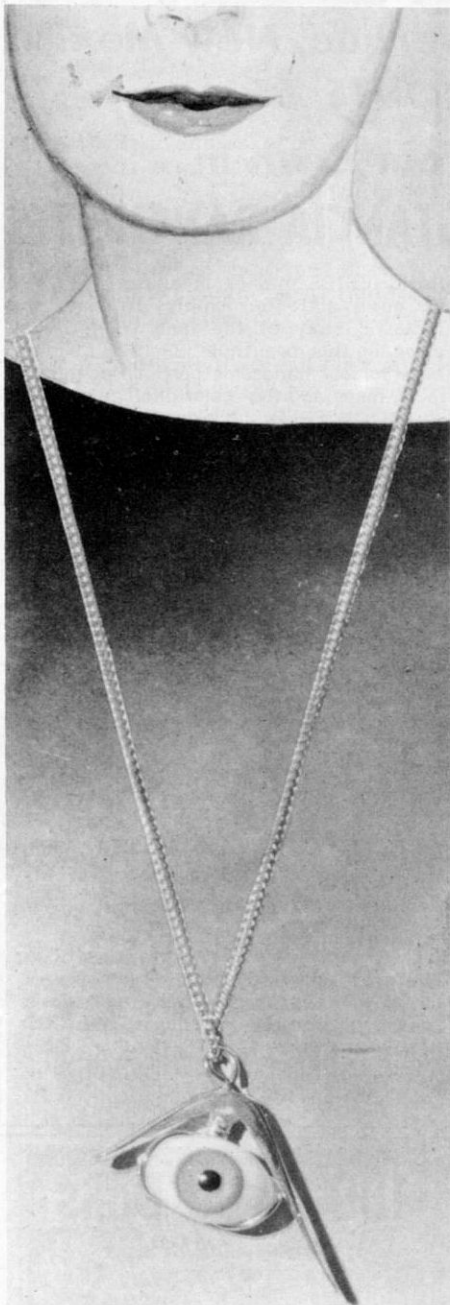
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ARE WOMEN RUINING DRINKING?

(Continued from page 41)

ritual, and confronted by a bewildering choice of revolting alcoholic mixtures, a man's only defense is to get drunk as quickly and completely as possible. When heavy drinking spreads in any community, it is likely to spread via the cocktail party.

The revolution has even reached the shelves of the neighborhood liquor store. Bowing to feminine tastes, good, bonded, straight 100-proof bourbon and rye has virtually disappeared from the market. Time-honored, established brands have been diluted with branch-water to 85 proof. Straight whiskey has vanished, having been replaced by lower-proof "blends" advertised as "smoother." In reality the new offerings are only weaker, containing less bounce to the ounce. Gin and rum, once 90 or more proof, are now offered at 80 proof. The ultimate concession to the rapidly-growing female market is the sudden spurt in popularity of 80 proof vodka, guaranteed to be absolutely tasteless and to leave you "breathless." These days a liquor breath, even when disguised by sen-sen, has become frowned upon as uncouth. Consequently, lower-proof vodka now outsells gin by at least two to one in most liquor stores.

Market research by Young & Rubicam, a prominent advertising agency representing many big liquor accounts, disclosed that while alcoholic beverages usually are first introduced into the average household by the husband, he eventually tends to drink less and his wife more, as time passes. Eventually it becomes the little woman who picks the type and brand of liquor consumed at home.

The revolution in our drinking habits has even invaded our sex-life. It is popularly believed that alcohol stimulates the appetite for sex, makes men and women more passionate. This has been scientifically disproved. The most that can be said for imbibing is that it reduces inhibitions.

Not surprisingly, as women have grown accustomed to drink, their tolerance to it has increased. It has become an expensive proposition these days to anesthetize a reluctant maiden with alcohol so that she will submit without a struggle to an ardent suitor. Likely as not, she will drink her eager swain under the table.

Nearly 400 years ago, Shakespeare wrote the following about moving from the glass to a lass:

"Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but takes away the performance. There-

fore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and unmakes him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and it disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him."

By conservative estimates, there are at least a million female chronic alcoholics in this country today. Officials of Alcoholics Anonymous say that at least one out of five members of that organization is a female. And there is considerable evidence that the total number of female alcoholics in this country is much larger than suspected.

According to Dr. Ruth Fox, medical director of the National Council on Alcoholism: "Among the more than a thousand patients I have treated for alcoholism during the past ten years, the ratio of women to men has been about 7 to 8."

Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman of the AMA Committee on Alcoholism, goes even further: "Several years ago I created something of a furor when I stated that I believed there were as many female alcoholics as male. Since that time I have discussed the subject with doctors from coast to coast who specialize in the treatment of alcoholics. Almost without exception they told me that they had virtually as many women patients as men."

Authorities agree that the enormous increase in alcoholism among women is not merely a result of increased population, but of changing social customs and greater freedom for women in recent years. As George W. McCarthy, executive director of the Nassau-Suffolk County Committees on Alcoholism, notes, "It suggests not only a change in our mores, but perhaps even a complete breakdown of culture."

Numerous men will bitterly say *amen* to that!

Curiously enough, while female consumption of alcohol has soared in this country, male consumption has sharply declined. Americans have always been hearty, two-fisted drinking men.

In 1763 it was estimated that 900,000 gallons of rum were consumed every year in Massachusetts—about four gallons for every man, woman and child in the colony. That was a prodigious amount, considering that few women and children drank, and that families of 15 children were not uncommon. Moreover the above figures did not include other intoxicating liquors that were even more popular, such as gin, brandy, wine, beer and hard cider.

(Cont.)



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If the females continue to ruin drinking, the American male may be driven to give it up entirely in favor of some other escape. Any suggestions?

KREMLIN PLACE

(Continued from page 44)

I pressed my eye closer to the keyhole; I just *had* to see what she looked like. One of those dark, passionate Russian beauties, I supposed.

But the maneuver was my undoing. I had pressed unwittingly against the doorknob. The door gave way and I tumbled right into the room. The Premier shot up from the bed, his face like thunder.

The lady took his hand to calm him down. To my disgust—because nobody wants to read about a man making love to his wife these days—I saw that it was Mme. Khrushchev herself.

"Da?" she said inquiringly.

"Sorry, I must have gotten into the wrong room." I apologized and went back to my bed and to sleep. What a disappointment!

The next morning I was handed an envelope with an airline ticket back to Vermont. There was a card in the envelope with a short message in the Premier's handwriting. It said: "YANKEE VOYEUR, GO HOME!"

ONLY IN MOSCOW

(Continued from page 42)

eyes that she trusted me and would do as I advised.

The results were headlines. Within a week Nikki and Chou had straightened out all their difficulties. A few days later the world was informed that the Chinese People's Republic and the Soviet Union were merging, the better to manage their forces in the war against capitalism.

I reported my small part in this promotion of understanding between peoples to our State Department. I pointed out how easily differences can be pushed aside when the discussing parties are not straining at the jugular because of collar tightness. I suggested an immediate Summit Meeting to straighten out our differences with Nikki.

The State Department didn't see it my way. They sent me home on the first plane. They revoked my passport.

(Cont.)

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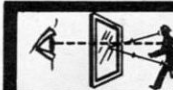


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Oh, well, I can always go to Brooklyn.

My Aunt Sarah makes better borscht anyway.

LOVE LIFE OF
A COAT HANGER

(Continued from page 36)

duced what others unknowingly had produced hundreds of times. Only now, I knew it for what it really was: The shock had alarmed the mother hanger into premature delivery. And when I stopped to pick up the ninth, or new, hanger, she rightfully struck me on the shoulder, trying in her ineffectual way to ward off an intruder from possibly hurting or kidnapping the newborn.

That morning, a little heady to be sure, I rushed out and rented a suite of rooms, complete with three closets. In the subsequent six months, with 45,900 door-pullings I witnessed and recorded (by sound and written word) 195 births. The rest, of course, is natural history.

For the dubious, consider, if you will, these four questions:

How do hangers get suddenly out of shape (if they don't get around on their own, that is)?

How do they manage to have their black paint scraped off with nothing harsher than felts, velvets and woollens being hung on them?

How do they get rusted (if they don't perspire from strenuous activity)?

How do those very properly affixed (dry cleaner's) paper coverings mysteriously get jarred loose and fall to the floor?

Further questions on mating, a fascinating subject no matter *who's* doing it, continue to come to me by mail and messenger. Many of them are from teachers of junior high school science classes and are frankly trite. Now and then, however, a noteworthy query comes through my slot. For instance, there was one from the A.S.P.C.A. They sent me an extremely long (and embarrassing) questionnaire to fill out. They wanted to know just everything. They even asked what I "do" with the hangers.

A representative of the President's Manpower Commission, and several hopeful manufacturers for the retail trade have asked if wooden hangers also mate. The answer of course is no. Even the junior high school teachers know that much. Wooden coat hangers are not alive. They're elaborate fakes. Expensive, highly polished but nonetheless out-and-out phony baloney. Nothing that good, you see, could ever be for free' as in the case of wire hangers. Wooden ones are artificially made, which is probably why they're better. It's like the superiority of the computer over common, old, unchecked natural man.

(Cont.)

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Of course, a common wire hanger, if nearsighted and/or half-crazed by new moth crystals, is capable of anything—even attempting to mate with a wooden model. But in such cases the latter almost effortlessly is able to shrug the wire hanger off. Nature assures that such mismatches seldom get to the entanglement stage. Any clothes closet user's experience will bear this out.

Oh, I've thought of the obvious, all right. I placed just one coat hanger in a closet. I checked the flooring, walls and ceiling for open-

ings and cracks. They were solid as a rock. Then I locked the door, with a dignified bank's man standing by, stationed him and his fellows by the closet around the clock. On the third day—you guessed it—there were two of them in the closet hanging just as jauntily as you please. And when I went excitedly to examine the new one, it got entangled with its older companion. Then the next day there were two more hangers in the closet, though no one heard or saw them come. Hangers are funny that way.

PUTTING THE CULT IN CULTURE

(Continued from page 57)

complete blank. No thought, no method, no deliberation, no choice." He forgot to add—no art. A composer named John Cage not long ago played a "musical composition" which consisted of total silence. The relationship of the non-sounds of the musicians combined with the coughs of the audience somehow added up to a work of art. Eugene Ionesco, the playwright who wrote *The Rhinoceros*, defined the subject of his play, *The Chairs*, as "the absence of people, the absence of God, the absence of matter, the unreality of the world, metaphysical emptiness. The theme of the play is *nothingness*."

"Culture," said Matthew Arnold, the Nineteenth-Century critic, "is the best which has been thought and said in the world." How good is the "best" in the culture boom today?

How much of it is only nothing?

The most important American painters are Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, Philip Guston, Mark Rothko, and others called Abstract Expressionists. They comprise a movement described by Thomas B. Hess, editor of the influential *Art News*, as "the most vital cultural force in the world today." These artists are also known as Action Painters, because they are especially interested in the "act" of painting. For example, Jackson Pollock (sometimes known as "Jack the Dripper") put his canvas on the floor and dripped paint on it. Kline attacked his canvas with aggressive, slashing brush strokes.

According to John Canaday, art critic of the *New York Times*, "The best Abstract Expressionists are as good as ever they were—a state-

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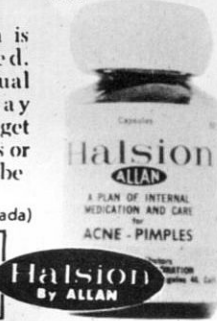
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ment not meant to carry a concealed edge. But as for the freaks, the charlatans and the misled who surround this handful of serious and talented artists, let us admit at least that the nature of abstract expressionism allows exceptional tolerance for incompetence and deception . . ."

Canada's use of the words "freaks, charlatans and the misled" set off a storm in the New York art world. But how else can we explain the tremendous amount of nonsense going on? "Bad painters we must always have," said Canada, "but how does it happen that we have them in such profusion?"

Because it pays, that's how it happens.

"Culture," said T. S. Eliot, "is the one thing that we cannot deliberately aim at. It is the product of a variety of more or less harmonious activities, each pursued for its own sake."

In the United States today, culture is deliberately aimed at, and for a number of reasons that have little to do with art. This has always been true, of course. In any period of history it was a rare man or woman who was interested unselfishly in "the best that has been thought and said." Artists, patrons and collectors have always been interested in prestige, in power, in conspicuous display. But never to such an extent as today.

The difference is that in the past the cult of culture was limited to the aristocracy, the educated, the rich. The artist, even if concerned more with money and prestige than with art, still had to undergo long training periods to perfect formal requirements of his technique; he also had to care about *what* he was saying in his work.

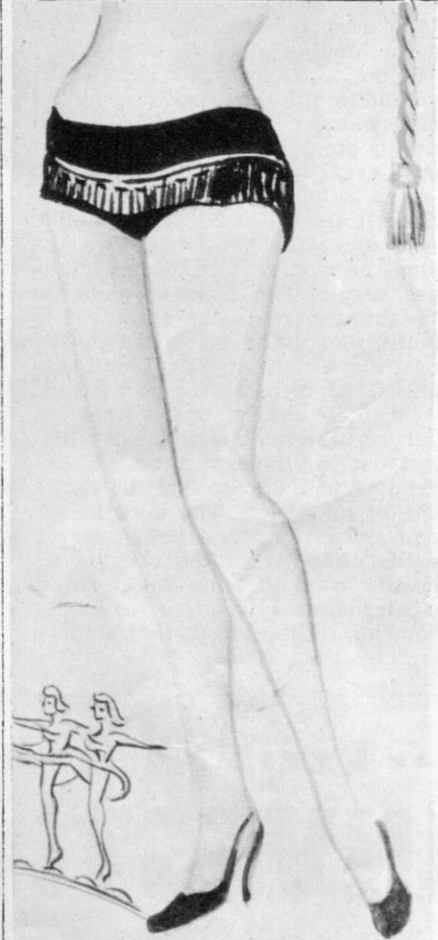
Today, the standard of living has jumped enormously, almost everybody can read and write, almost everybody wants the comforts and advantages available previously to the few. People generally are much more aware and less provincial than they were. People travel.

So we see that many factors are responsible for the present cult of culture. Television is responsible. It has all those hours to fill. Newton Minnow is responsible. If television is the "vast waste land" he says it is, let's throw in some culture. But genuine culture can never be the result of mass production.

The government is responsible. Art collectors are given huge tax deductions for donations of any sort to museums. The President and the First Lady, sensing the attitude of the people, sanction a high, cultural tone.

Museums are responsible. They speak of the "affirmation of the free human spirit," while searching des-

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Critics are responsible. They write about modern art with a gobbledygook that makes absolutely no sense. For example, Peter Selz, a Curator at the Museum of Modern Art, says "We no longer look at a painting as we did in the nineteenth century; we are meant to enter it, to sink into its atmosphere of mist and light or to draw it around us like a coat—or a skin." Of the paintings of Mark Rothko, usually three simple rectangles of color, one above the other, he writes: "The open rectangles suggest the rims of flame in containing fires, or the entrances to tombs, like the doors to the dwellings of the dead in Egyptian pyramids. They bring to mind an Orphic cycle; their subject might be death and resurrection in classical, not Christian, mythology: the artist descending to Hades to find the Eurydice of his vision. The door to the tomb opens for the artist in search of his muse." And the door opens for the artist to fame and fortune, to international art prizes, to a one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art.

Mostly, you and I are responsible. For pretending to like what we don't understand. For not trusting our own judgment. For allowing the cultural wool to be pulled over our eyes.

What will happen to culture in the future? Abstract Expressionism, we hear, is on its way out. The need for newness and variety demands a change from this art movement, only fifteen years old. Currently, in painting, an artist uses his car as a brush and drives back and forth over his canvas. Yves Klein, the man of the solid blue paintings, covers a nude woman with paint and rolls her around on a canvas. There is a group called the New Realists who sell, at high prices, greatly enlarged comic strips. At equally high prices go their models of hamburgers, cakes and pies. Sculptures are made out of any kind of junk—tin cans, automobile parts, toys, chicken feathers and another product of the living chicken. One young man paints only in the dark—you see, he has greater artistic freedom if he can't see what he is doing.

And then, because of the demand, objects never before considered art are being given the full cultural treatment. The Museum of Modern

Art recently had an exhibition of sports equipment. As Jay Jacobs commented in *The Reporter*, "We now have museum-goers standing in rapt and presumably uplifting contemplation before such artifacts as mashies, Indian clubs, and punching bags.... The day probably isn't far off when some of the suaver men about town will invite new female acquaintances up to look over their collection of sweat socks."

Another sensible voice is that of Frank Getlein, art critic of the *New Republic* and the *Washington Star*, who used the fable of the Emperor's New Clothes to describe a Museum of Modern Art exhibition called "The New American Painting." In the story, the Emperor and his subjects were conned into thinking that he was wearing the finest clothing in existence, when he was actually stark naked. It took a little girl to speak up and say, "Why, he isn't wearing any clothes." Writing of the exhibition, Getlein wrote: "It isn't that the Emperor isn't wearing any clothes. There isn't any Emperor."

Next time you hear someone at an art gallery say that his six-year-old child can do better, don't laugh at his naivete. Chances are that he is right.

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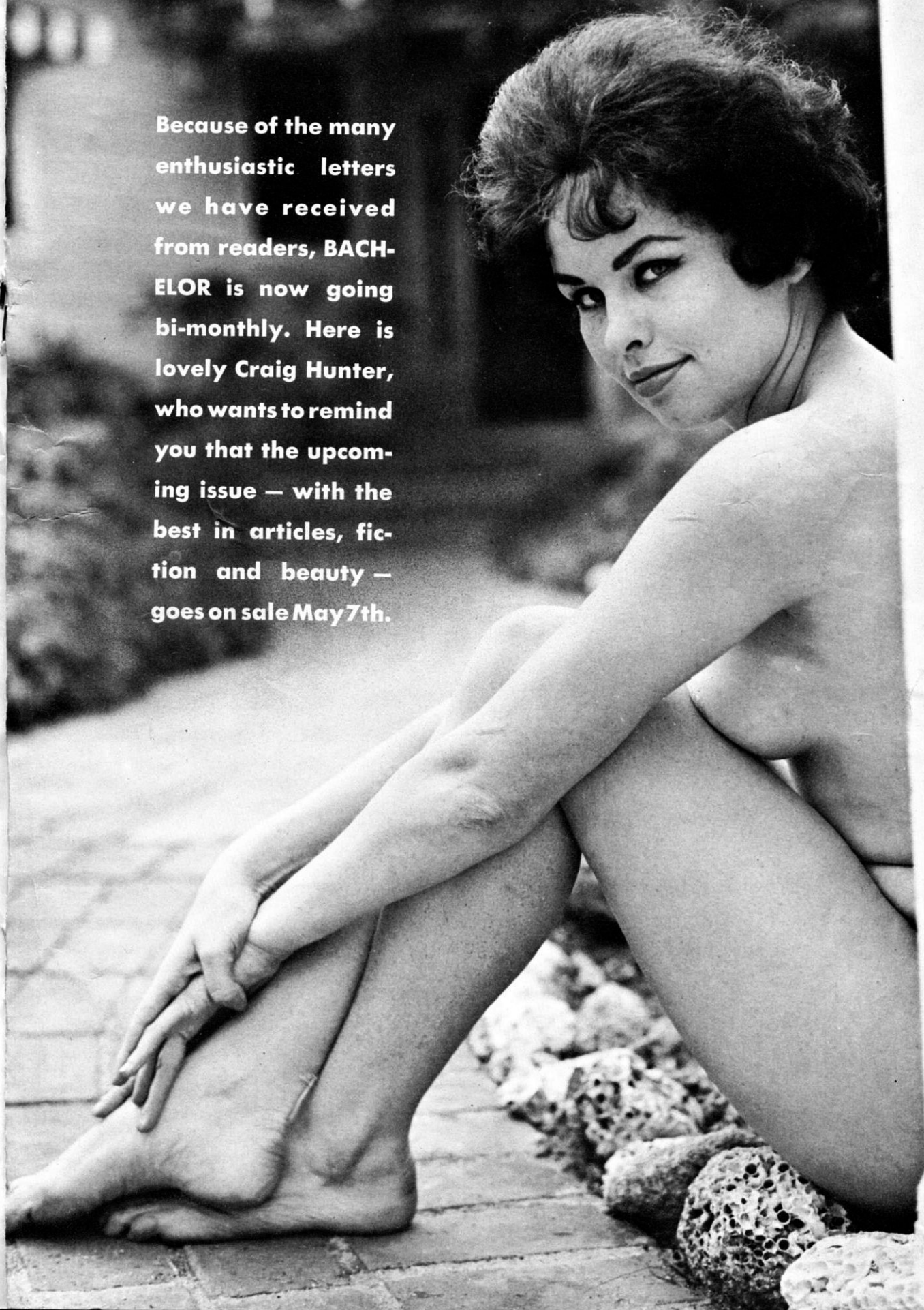
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